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THE REPORTER

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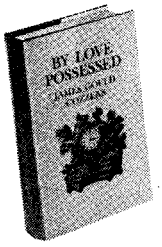

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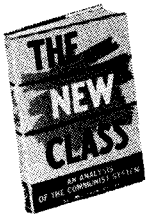

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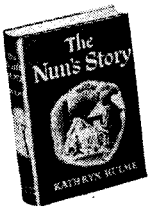

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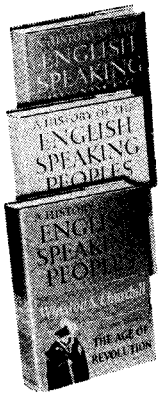

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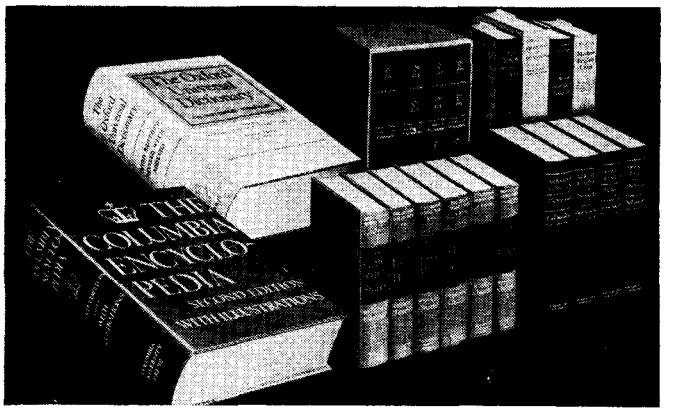

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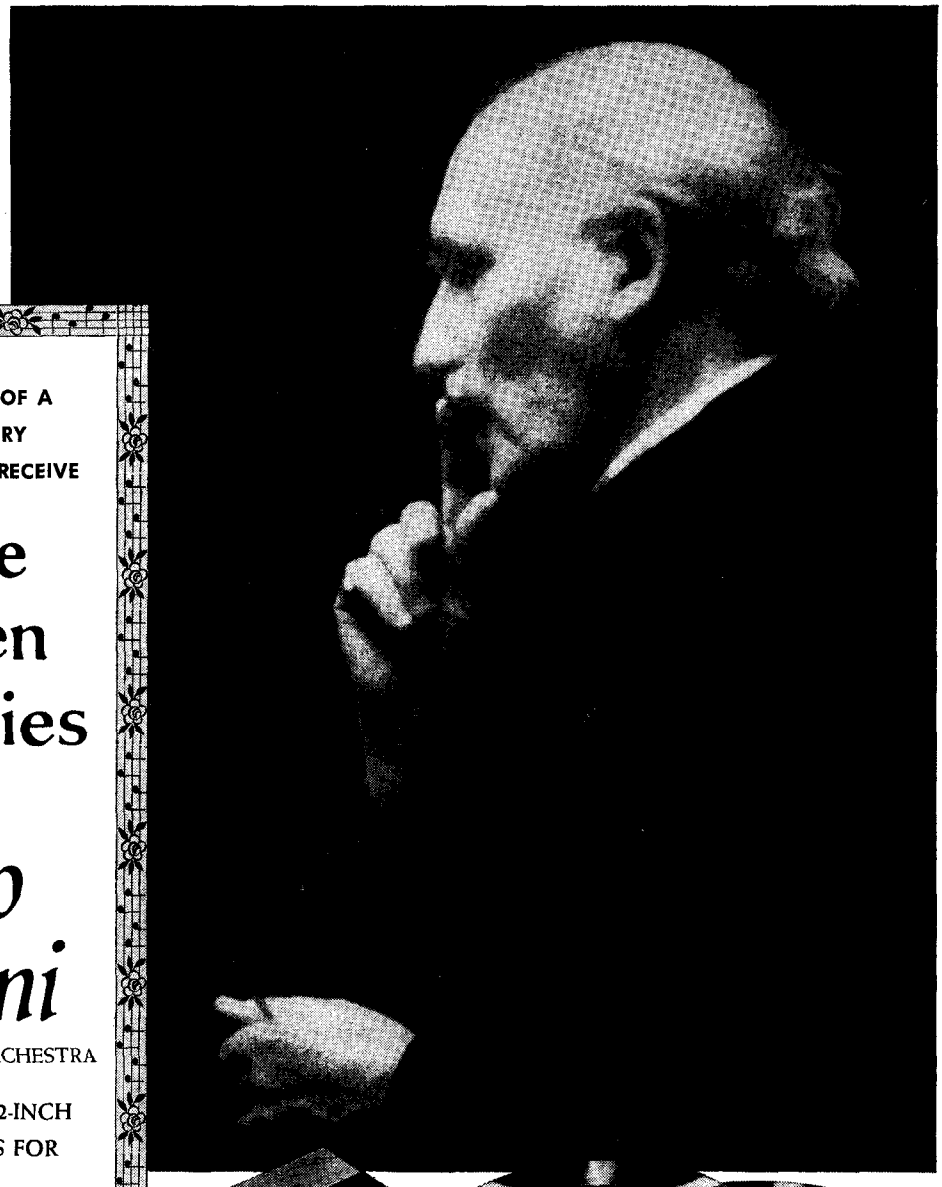

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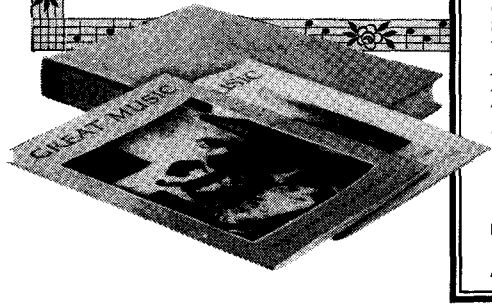

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Who Will Mourn It?

The *Daily Worker* is scheduled shortly to pass out of existence, which will be news to millions of its non-readers who had no idea it was still alive. Actually there is a dim chance that it may continue to appear as the organ of a rebellious faction, headed by John Gates, its present editor. Comrade Gates—or Mr. Gates, as he may in that event be known—says that the paper intends "to fight for its continued existence." If this is more than bravado, among those it will have to fight is William Z. Foster, the party's seventy-six-year-old chairman emeritus, who has no use for Gates's heretical views that Soviet troops really shouldn't have massacred the proletariat of Hungary.

A year ago the explosions that erupted in Poznan and Budapest had their bloodless counterpart in the American Communist Party. The *Daily Worker* not only took out after the discredited Stalin, who was then fair game, but regularly rapped Khrushchev's knuckles and even berated its own "blind and uncritical attitude" toward the Kremlin. Forced to bend slightly before the gale, Foster feebly conceded Stalin's "incorrect methods of work." But he has been waiting to get even with Gates ever since.

Inasmuch as the *Daily Worker* has long since lapsed back into dull orthodoxy, its dissident editor neatly fenced in by colleagues more to Foster's taste, there would seem to be no purpose in killing it off now except as an attempt to force Gates to show his deviationism openly—whereupon he may, with due ceremony, be stripped of his hammer and sickle and drummed out of the camp of the elect. True, there is also the paper's desperate financial fortunes, which in thirty-four years have progressed from poverty to utter destitution; but that can hardly be a factor since Foster is reliably reported to be planning a new paper as soon as the old one is buried.

There is also a chance that Gates may be able to stay in business, and that a hard core of readers may still cling to the *Daily Worker* long after the last comrade has taken to other forms of literature. Of its present circulation, between five and six thousand, a fair proportion must go to the libraries of other periodicals. This magazine gets it regularly and has every reason to believe that most of its contemporaries do likewise. The New York *Herald Tribune* admits to taking nine copies a day and reports that the Luce establishment is good for no less than fifty-one subscriptions. The FBI, not to mention state, local, and military security agents, doubtless accounts for another good slice of circulation, and then there are always Congressmen and the conscientious personnel of their committees, many of whom have a career interest in the journal. Indeed, nothing gets the House Committee on Un-American Activities quite so irritable as the suggestion that the Communist Party is not in good health. Only two months ago Representative Francis E. Walter nervously warned his fellows to disregard such talk. The party may be reduced to a tattered band, at war with itself, but to Walter we are still awash in "a prodigious campaign of political subversion." In the glorious struggle against it lie opportunities, jobs, and reputations for hundreds. In such company, to hail the death of the *Daily Worker* is something akin to talking up automation in a union hiring hall.

Only Men Drink

The men in tall black hats are still with us, stern and righteous in their anachronism. They believe, among other things, that good women don't drink spirits. Their voice made itself heard in the recent request by the

HOW NICE FOR MICE

"Dr. Walter Heston, mouse geneticist of the National Cancer Institute of Bethesda, Md. . . . [said]: 'Mouse genetics has gone out of the universities. It is too expensive.' . . . Dr. Heston said this meant that the university students learned to conduct their research with fruit flies and bread molds, costing less, taking up less room." —New York *Times*

Take heart, little mammal, your masters have found
That it's cheaper with fruit flies and mold now;
Rejoice in a future where no mouse is bound
To be functional rather than old, now.

No longer the cubicles tier upon tier,
The white-coated arms to inject you,
Look forward, wee beasts, to a happy new year
When only your mates will select you.

For it's flies and it's mold and it's men and not mice
Who'll be used for the ultimate test now;
We're done with the little: the next sacrifice
Will be made of the least and the best now.

—SEC

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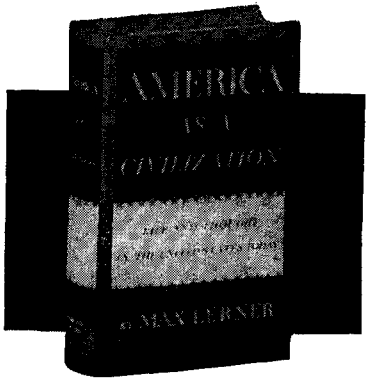

the january

BOOK FIND CLUB

selection

turn to page 41

EUROPE

Summer 1958—70 days

We'll see the usual, plus North Africa, Yugoslavia, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Berlin, Denmark, and Ireland. A low-priced, different kind of trip for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Write to:

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255 Sequoia — Pasadena, California

Distilled Spirits Institute that the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico take ladies out of the rum ads (the Puerto Ricans complied); and they are doubtless responsible for the fact that in TV soap operas only bad women lift a glass. The others are sustained in crises by coffee and tea.

The excision of females from the rum ads—in full color and full tropical charm—has produced a strange effect. You see a man drinking alone in a beautiful spot and you wonder what's the matter with him. Does he hate women? Has his wife left him? Is he a solitary drinker? What a waste, in any case, of a golden moment and a good bottle of rum.

As for TV, wouldn't it be a public service to show how civilized people drink in a civilized manner? Would the young be any more corrupted by the sight of men and women sipping a cocktail before dinner and wine during it than by Mom and Dad coming home from a beer jag at the local saloon?

What's more, if only those desperate ladies on television would toy with a glass of rosé now and then, they might feel better.

Bring the women back to the rum ads, anyway. They're prettier than men are.

The Class War

When a trade-union federation has labor troubles with its own organizers, the outsider is in a bit of a quandary as to where his sympathies should lie. If he sides with the AFL-CIO's hired organizers, who are now seeking recognition before the National Labor Relations Board, he is practically accusing labor's top leaders of union-busting. On the other hand, if he sides with "management" in this case, he is taking a position against the men who carry out the day-to-day work of organizing the unorganized.

The dilemma is not eased by the fact that both parties to the dispute act precisely like the protagonists in any other labor squabble. The Field Representatives Federation, as the organizers call their union, has been seeking recognition in order to bargain with the AFL-CIO in the usual way and for the usual purposes. But the employer has refused recognition on the ground that organizers are "part of management," just as the steel industry feels about foremen. Since the case went to the NLRB, management has added special temporary organizers to its staff whose status is doubtful but whose vote in a recognition election is likely to go against the Field Representatives. At the same time, the management has moved to "reopen the record," thus delaying the election.

These moves, plus the alleged transfer of organizers to cities distant from their homes, have been denounced in appropriate language by the would-be union as harassing tactics. While retaining his "respect for the AFL-CIO as an institution," Robert Christofferson, the group's acting chairman, says he has "lost a great deal of respect for some of the individuals in responsible positions of leadership." President Meany, who has taken a tolerant view of the union, is exempted from the rebuke, but it would be surprising if the same could be said of Walter Reuther, who is known to have taken a tougher line.

In much the same way management in this novel case sounds the traditional notes of hard-pressed employers everywhere. John W. Livingston, director of organization for the AFL-CIO, accuses the union of wanting to run the merged labor federation, pretty much the same way General Motors from time to time accuses Mr. Reuther of having an itch to help run its enterprises. The charge that

HANGOVER

When is man of age?
I'll tell you: at the stage
Where holidays are viewed
Without illusions
As base intrusions.

When does man turn wise?
When he can analyze
The festive interlude
As interruption
And mean disruption.

A man is old when he
Resumes most joyfully
His daily servitude
As his salvation
From celebration!

—SEC

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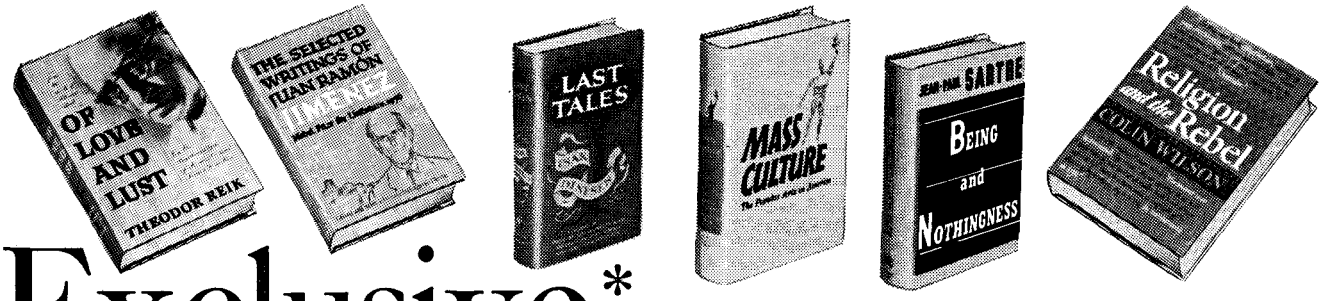

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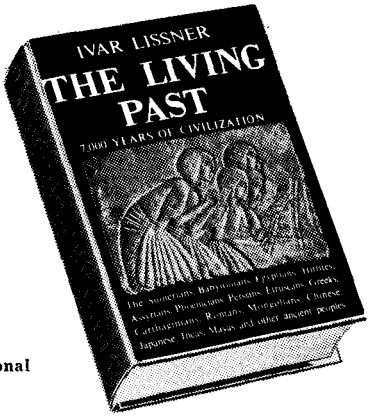

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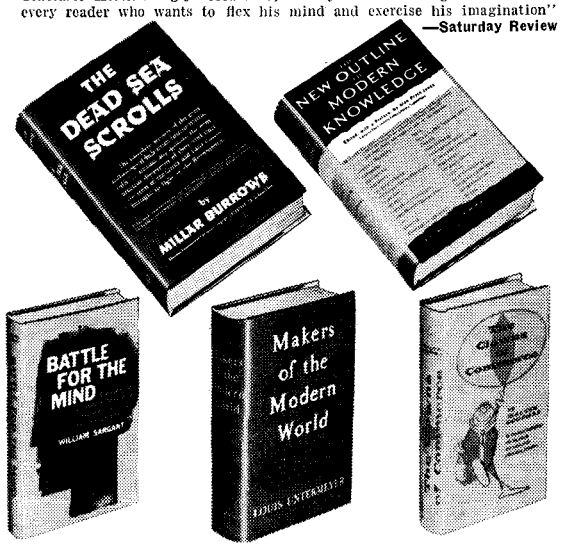

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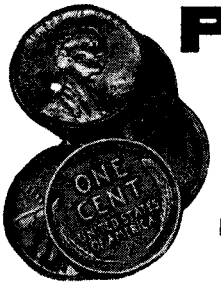

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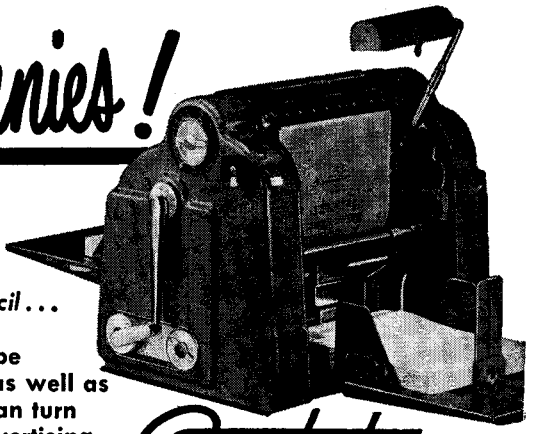

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Livingston is padding the staff for election purposes is brushed off in the grand corporate phrase, "Our lawyers are handling that."

It is possible that the episode will yield, in high places of the labor movement, a little more understanding of the problems of business management. Then again, it may just make the rank and file of labor a little more wary of its own bureaucracy. As far as the rest of the American employers are concerned, the whole affair can only be a source of innocent merriment.

Stamps and Semantics

The Treasury Department's Foreign Assets Control Regulations not only forbid all traffic with mainland China; they reach back over the generations, including Chiang's, and require a license to import, from *any* foreign country, *anything* that originated there at any time.

"Thus," according to intelligence from Treasury received by the magazine *Stamps*, "a stamp issued in mainland China in 1910 and now physically located in England cannot be purchased or imported into the United States without a Treasury Department license." There is one slight concession for stamp dealers, but it affords no balm to importers of joss sticks, embroidered handkerchiefs, Ming vases, or back scratchers: "The Treasury Department has concluded that it will not regard packets or packages of predominantly used stamps as being affected by the import prohibitions by reason of the admixture therein of mainland Chinese or North Korean stamps, if such packets or packages are not obtained from Communist sources either directly or indirectly ..." and if they do not exceed ten per cent of the number or value of the total.

Then in a world that is hot for certainties, the Treasury engages in some courageous political lexicography: "For your information, the term 'Communist sources,' as used in this paragraph, includes all countries which are under Communist control. Likewise, the term 'non-Communist sources,' as used in the second paragraph above, excludes all countries which are under Communist control."

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CORRESPONDENCE

A NOTE ON NATO

To the Editor: The articles on NATO and the Paris Conference (*The Reporter*, December 12) are timely and authoritative, and I congratulate you on an, as usual, informative and provocative issue.

I am a regular subscriber to *The Reporter* and look forward to its thought provoking articles with much interest.

WILLIAM C. FOSTER
Washington, D.C.

NO HOLDS BARRED

To the Editor: In your December 12 issue (*The Reporter's* Notes), you said, regarding Eisenhower: "It's a very strange thing, the hold this man has on all of us."

Not *all* of us, please—include me out! He has no hold on me, unless deep contempt and bitter dislike and anger can be called a hold. Stupidity, weakness of character, and something less than scrupulous honesty do not establish "a hold" on me, nor do they make a great President or a great general. . . .

No, not all of us by several millions have been captivated by his rank, his uniform, and a grin, and far from saying "it shouldn't have happened to him," we say something should have happened so that he would not have happened to us.

JOHN KIRKWOOD
Cheyenne, Wyoming

THE CASE FOR PAKISTAN

To the Editor: Judging by an American or British yardstick, the situation in Pakistan may seem unorthodox and may lead to unwarranted conclusions such as those arrived at by Thomas R. Kenyon ("Pakistan: A Land in Search of Nationality," *The Reporter*, November 28). But seen against the background of parliamentary democracy on the British pattern, which we are striving hard to develop . . . Pakistan is not only stable politically and otherwise, but is fast developing political ethics, etiquette, and maturity in the best traditions of the older democracies. Naturally at this stage it is wrong to judge her against the backdrop of American traditions. . . . What matters most and is deserving of sympathy and understanding is the fact that she has firmly set her feet on the path of parliamentary democracy and is straining every nerve to pursue it. Free institutions and a framework in which human liberty can flourish cannot be built overnight, and ten years, after all, is not much more than an overnight in the life of a nation. . . .

To illustrate my point, I would point out that it has already been announced that elections are to be held in the first week of November, 1958, along with further information about One Unit. The One Unit in West Pakistan is an administrative measure designed to cut down red tape and extend administrative and judicial facilities to the remotest corner of the area and to effect an economy in expenditure. Its success or failure cannot be judged in a year or two and one must expect it to be an issue in the platform of political parties. This is quite normal political tactics with which Mr. Kenyon must be quite familiar. . . .

Every Pakistani, regardless of the district and area he comes from, feels himself a citizen of the State of Pakistan, and is very conscious of his nationality. Events in the last ten years have surely proved this beyond doubt.

In regard to Mr. Kenyon's observations about the head of my state, President Iskander Mirza, they are incorrect, most unfortunate, and regrettable, and they hurt the more as coming from a citizen of a friendly state. Heads of state cannot defend themselves and all their actions and it is therefore most unfair, not to say discourteous, to attack them in such a way.

Pakistan's internal problems, whatever they may be, are primarily her own concern, and you may rest assured that she will solve them in the best traditions of democracy, and what is more, under a system of parliamentary democracy.

MOHAMMED ALI
Ambassador from Pakistan
Washington, D.C.

DOWN TO EARTH

To the Editor: I've just finished reading Paul Jacobs' article ("Rainy Days in Sunny California") in the November 28 issue of *The Reporter* about the unemployment problem in Southern California, which has been caused mainly by the cutback in Aircraft and Missiles.

The most interesting thing about this report is that for the first time since these layoffs started the facts and figures were correct. The local press, radio, and television have been telling the public that the worry about layoffs is psychological rather than real and that the vast majority of our good workers have nothing to worry about. But of the sixteen thousand employees laid off at North American Aviation alone, I'm sure not too many of them believe this.

The Reporter is to be commended for the straightforward manner in which it reports on any and all issues concerning the people of this and other countries.

JACK HURST, President
Local 887, UAW
Los Angeles

HOW NEW IS 'HOWL'?

To the Editor: David Perlman's amusing and salty account ("How Captain Hanrahan Made 'Howl' a Best-Seller," *The Reporter*, November 28) of life and hard times in the purlieus of San Francisco's North Beach was a pungent reminder to this writer of life in this "artistic" Bohemia when last seen in the 1920's. Apparently little—except the names—has changed in the thirty-year interval. The same sort of people are still making the same noises for the same reasons.

In the interests of accuracy, this generation of Bohemia à la North Beach would be better described—like its forerunner—as the "dead-beat generation," full of self-commiseration for its lack of talent and its unwillingness to submit to the disciplines of either art or hard work. All reliable accounts of its doings testify, however, that nothing has impaired its enormous capacity for scrounging a living—such as it is—from others' efforts. And howling is the best thing it does, since, like Dom Manuel's wife in *Jurgen*, it has "no special gift for silence."

JUNE CLEVELAND
Los Angeles

AD ASTRA . . .

To the Editor: I wish to protest against the book review of *Lolita* in your issue of November 28 ("A Review of a Novel You Can't Buy"). You devote nearly three pages of valuable space to a novel which, however well written, is nothing but an account of a man who suffers from a compulsion to copulate with twelve-year-old girls. Hundreds of books are published each month, and they cover all sorts of matters, grave and gay, in these grave times. It is just plain silly, not to say disgusting, to pass them by and investigate one slimy little corner of human nature. It was a mistake. Leave the shallow mud flats to the "little" magazines. Your mission is farther up the hill.

S. G. MORLEY
Berkeley, California

THE QUEEN'S CRITICS

To the Editor: Your tribute to the Queen (*The Reporter's* Notes, October 31) is charming and most welcome. Your caustic remarks about her critics are no more than they deserve. But I don't think you are entirely fair in describing Lord Altrincham as "an unknown young aristocrat."

Lord Altrincham's reputation may not have spread across the Atlantic, but he is quite well known over here. He is a peer of Conservative principles, but his Conservatism is strongly flavored with progressive ideas. For instance, he refuses to enter the House of Lords, although entitled to do so, as he does not believe in a hereditary legislature. He has for some time made himself the spokesman for a group of what might be called "left wing" Conservatives. Whatever the purpose of his criticism of the Queen, it was not made in order to draw attention to himself.

As a matter of fact, it seems very likely that his criticism was inspired not by dislike of the monarchy but by a wish to see it playing a more important part in political life than it does at present. I do not feel at all sure that this desire is realistic, but it is not the same thing as a wish to be offensive to the Queen—whatever view our press may have taken of it.

CHARLES WRONG
Chester, England

A REVIEWER'S ART

To the Editor: Let me commend the author of the two-paragraph review of the biography of Marc Chagall in the December 12 issue of *The Reporter* for the best two-paragraph book review I've seen.

I wish I'd written it.

DAVID SCHOENBAUM
Daily Courier
Waterloo, Iowa

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SO SICK AND TIRED are we—as surely our readers must be—of endlessly complaining about the post-Sputnik state of affairs that the opportunity we now have to rejoice about something that has gone well for the nation and for the alliance is more welcome than we can say. Our elation over the Paris Conference is in no way diminished by the fact that ours is a minority opinion; and not even Secretary Dulles and his telecast succeeded in dampening our enthusiasm—for now the allied leaders, and first of all Konrad Adenauer, are in charge of our foreign policy. **Max Ascoli's** editorial sounds a note that is supported by our European correspondent **Edmond Taylor** and by a free-lance writer, **Howard Freeman,** who were on the spot. In our issue of December 12, 1957, Mr. Taylor had already told how the Europeans were uniting and were prepared to take a different position from that of cheer leaders for U.S. diplomacy.

For six consecutive Mondays, practically the whole world has been told in the press what George Kennan had said for six consecutive Sundays over the BBC. Certainly nothing Mr. Kennan ever said at home has made such a commotion. The context of his broadcasts will be discussed—rather critically—on a future occasion. **Dan Levitt** is at Oxford studying modern history on a fellowship; it was there that he interviewed Mr. Kennan. . . . **Katherine Glover,** a Washington free-lance writer, has talked with a recess appointee to the TVA board of directors. . . . After a year's absence in Europe, **William S. Fairfield** has returned to this country and to our pages. He discusses what the present mania for secrecy has done to scientific research. . . . South Africa is in a state of crisis resulting from the fanatically apartheid policies of its government. **Anthony Delius** sends his article from South Africa, where he is on the staff of the *Cape Times*.

Saunders Redding's article is excerpted from his forthcoming book, *The Lonesome Road: The Story of the Negro's Part in America*, a volume in Doubleday's "Mainstream of America" series that will appear this spring. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is music editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Nora Sayre** is a young American free-lancer living in Great Britain. . . . **Nat Hentoff** has edited with Nat Shapiro *The Jazz Makers* (Rinehart). . . . **Gerald Weales's** *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch* (Atlantic Monthly Press) is on the New York *Times's* list of best children's books. . . . **Meg Greenfield** is a member of our staff. . . . **Al Newman,** former managing editor of *The Reporter*, was a war correspondent in Europe and North Africa.

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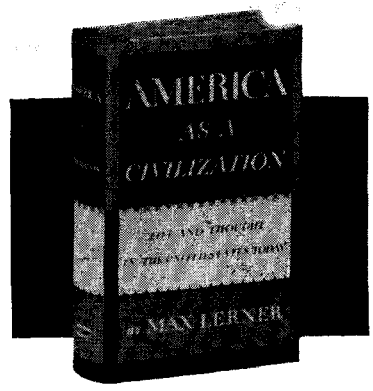

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EDITORIAL — MAX ASCOLI

New Lease on Life for NATO

THE SOUL-SEARCHING post-Sputnik era had no sooner begun than voices were raised asking for a special session of Congress. Fortunately, no special session was called, and soul searching on Capitol Hill was conducted discreetly at the committee level. When Congress reconvenes, the Democrats will undoubtedly behave like a responsible, loyal opposition. But they cannot be expected to go too far in questioning the administration's wisdom in the conduct of strategic and diplomatic affairs. For during the last five years the Republican administration has changed the style but not the substance of the policies the Democrats had initiated when in control of the Executive.

At the Paris heads-of-government meeting, our representatives were confronted by a loyal opposition of a kind that no regular or special session of Congress could ever provide. Our European allies were never quite sold on the theory that negotiations with Russia depended entirely on our maintaining a "position of strength"—with an edge in our favor. They had frequently pointed out that with such a diplomacy-starts-tomorrow attitude, the foreign policy of the United States could not help being a carbon copy of its strategy. True, similar voices had been heard in our country, but the overwhelming opinion was entirely conditioned by a bipartisanship that the Republican administration carried on in a spirit of ungrateful, voluble disrespect toward the Democrats.

In Paris the leaders of our nation needed a vote of confidence from the representatives of the Atlantic constituency. This was not given easily or without serious qualifications, and the amount of plain talk the President and the Secretary of State had to listen to from many a loyal, self-respecting ally must have made them rather uncomfortable. Yet this kind of talk had been heard before at other Atlantic meetings. More than once it had been said that Europe's dependence on Middle Eastern oil made imperative a joint NATO policy toward the Middle East. It was no secret that our over-reliance on strategic air power greatly disturbed our Continental allies. Northern European statesmen had, on previous occasions, enlivened NATO gatherings with the free speech that for centuries has been practiced in their small, fearless countries.

But in Paris there was a difference: Secretary Dulles could not tell anybody, more or less diplomatically, to mind his own business. Indeed, nearly all the questions that our allies felt compelled to raise were dutifully listed in the declaration of principles and in the communiqué. This listing does not lend a particularly exhilarating quality to the document. The document itself could turn out to be just a piece of drab, though blissfully unrhetorical, diplomatic verbiage should the allies fail to press the very vital questions they have raised about war or peace with Russia. But on one thing there can be no doubt: press they will.

The Lost Edge

The agreements that were reached at the summit meeting were a series of compromises, the result of give and take. Our allies agreed in rather generic terms to consider having our still unbuilt intermediate missiles stationed on their soil; we agreed to neglect no opportunity to resume negotiations with Soviet Russia for the reduction of armaments. "Any proposal, from whatever source, for general or partial disarmament" will be "examined" by NATO. This means that any member has the right to have any such proposal examined. The reduction of armaments has thus become a matter of interallied concern; so have industrial technology, scientific research, assistance to former colonial areas, and the like. Such noble principles written in quite a number of documents had remained there, merrily unenforced. Now things have changed. We can no longer expect our allies to follow a papa-knows-best line.

During these last few months our vaunted position of strength has become questionable. Only a madman could say that we have lost it, for, with SAC's planes

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cruising in the air and our carriers on the seven seas, we could "overkill" every Russian several times over. They could do the same to us. Probably the reciprocal deterrent has never been as close to equal as it is now. But we have been sharply awakened to the fact that we are losing or have already lost our edge of superiority—the edge we had grown accustomed to count on as an extra precaution that we thought was needed for our safety. We must reconcile ourselves to living without such an edge, for we have fallen behind the Russians in the production of some critical weapons.

This imposes on our weaponeers the duty to catch up, but it also gives us a precious, frightening interval. During a few years, while our position of strength remains questionable, we have the opportunity to disentangle our diplomacy from our strategy. It is here that our allies have come to our rescue. If for no other reason than their comparative weakness, they have never been—not even Britain—as hypnotized by armament as we have. Our loss of a few rounds in the armaments race has provided them with the chance of reminding us that in facing a redoubtable adversary there are a few other things that can be done besides piling up weapons. The record of the Paris Conference proves that the allies took full advantage of this opportunity.

The New Deal

It turned out to be, as never before, the meeting of an organization in the making. These interallied assemblies are something very new. They are of a half-diplomatic, half-constituent nature. In them some fragments of national sovereignty are pooled and common interallied institutions are brought into being. These institutions, or sometimes just informal practices, impose a sustained merging of efforts in some specific fields. The really essential fact is that each fragment of sovereignty, once surrendered, cannot be taken back without tearing down the structure on which each ally depends.

The process is far too slow to please those generous though somewhat intemperate men who would like to have national sovereignties wiped out in favor of some Atlantic or regional, not to say world, government. The advocates of old-fashioned diplomacy have even greater reasons to feel sour. For there is no denying that meetings like the one in Paris are very theatrical affairs somewhat resembling a Presidential convention. Serious, sometimes fateful business is transacted through an extraordinary mixture of secret negotiation, oratory, and showmanship.

Not much planning was done before the NATO Conference. But where are the plans, where are the blueprints for the tumultuous process of commonwealth formation that shows itself in NATO—and not only there? They are not likely to be supplied by that forlorn character, the old-fashioned diplomat.

From Paris on, the game of that not very old-fashioned but rather effective diplomat, Nikita Khrushchev, is going to be disturbed by a few other players. Lately there has been no other game of diplomacy than Khrushchev's solitaire. He has been playing all his cards under the glare of international publicity and has had no trouble winning every hand while our Secretary of State has kept shaking his head and saying "nyet." Now our NATO allies have made it clear that they intend to test Soviet good will on concrete issues rather than fulminate against it wholesale. They are too sensible to consider private or separate settlements with Soviet Russia, for they know where that would lead them. But certainly they will keep the NATO councils—and Khrushchev—extremely busy. Each allied foreign ministry has its way of sounding out the Communist governments; each has a chance of contributing plans of action dealing with specific problems affecting the whole NATO community. The Italian proposal for joint action in the Middle East is a case in point.

At the present time, the danger is that every NATO country, from Britain to Iceland, may take vigorous initiatives, except the United States. It would be a great pity, for the alliance has never been as alive, as vigorous as it is now and never in such need of our leadership. Though our partners have made it unmistakably clear that they do not want to leave the monopoly of political decisions to the United States, they do want our initiative—eventually even our initiative in exploring how far we can go in bilateral negotiations with the Soviet government.

ONE OF THE STRANGEST things about the Paris Conference has been the listless way our press dealt with it. The day the New York papers carried the news that the President had come home, the big headlines went to Michael Quill and to the "bugs" planted in the headquarters of the Motormen's Benevolent Association. The extraordinary role played by President Eisenhower received the same bland treatment that, for over five years, had been given to many of his omissions. Yet in Paris the President took the lead of the American delegation, at the risk of whatever life remains to him. General Eisenhower has proved once more that nobody is superior to him as a symbol of the alliance and that he can still summon the strength to play his role unsparingly. In Paris he proved his capacity to confront all the weaknesses of the alliance, including the weakness of his failing health.

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Europe Stakes Its Claim For Full Partnership

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

UP TO THE opening day of the NATO Council session here last month, evidences of European dissatisfaction with American policy and leadership in NATO were all too plentiful, but there were few signs of any European consensus on constructive alternatives. It was one of the most extreme and intransigent leaders of the European rebellion against NATO weapons-first orthodoxy, Premier Einar Gerhardsen of Norway, who in his opening speech to the council opened the way to unanimous agreement.

The lanky, stiff-necked, bullet-headed, sixty-year-old Socialist and workman's son, whose sunken cheeks are still marked by the pallor of four years in a Nazi concentration camp, shook his colleagues at the conference round table by reading his speech in a harsh, passionate voice, very different from the bland diplomatic delivery customary at such meetings, that gave added weight to his blunt message. "We have no plans in Norway," said Mr. Gerhardsen, "to let atomic stockpiles be established on Norwegian territory or to construct launching sites for intermediate-range ballistic missiles. May I, in this connection, remind you of an idea which has lately been subject to public debate in many countries: the idea of an area in Europe where there would be a thinning out of military force so as to reduce tension in our part of the world."

The Norwegian premier, speaking in his own language, went on to urge postponement of any decision on intermediate-range ballistic missiles and to use the time to explore the possibilities for renewing disarmament negotiations with the Soviets.

For reasons that in retrospect already seem scarcely comprehensible, this simple statement, as rough-hewn as Gerhardsen's personality, produced a dramatic effect on his colleagues. "Somehow the Gerhardsen speech seemed to crystallize something that had been hanging in the air," my eyewitness informant explained. "He put into words what millions of plain people are thinking all over Europe and made the heads of government feel the breath of public opinion."

Responding to this bracing current, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan abandoned his prepared text and made an impromptu speech giving guarded support to the idea of relaunching diplomatic negotiations with the U.S.S.R. Chancellor Adenauer had already dropped a firm hint to the same effect, as had France's youthful Premier Gaillard. (Adenauer had chagrined Dulles the day before by warning him that German public opinion made acceptance of missile bases on the soil of the Federal Republic out of the question at this time.) Belgium's Achille van Acker lined up with them. The Canadian and Dutch prime ministers, who had concerted in advance with Gerhardsen, gave him even stronger, more explicit backing, though various members of their delegations privately expressed consternation because, as they saw it, he had "gone too far" in the direction of neutralism.

The Pessimists and the Facts

To the U.S. delegation, surprised by the nearly unanimous European reluctance to accept American strategic missiles and by the seemingly unappeasable European hunger for negotiation with the Soviets, it seemed for a while that a neutralist stampede was under way.

"The fabric of the alliance, already well worn, has been tried still further by the negative attitude assumed by Norway and Denmark toward United States proposals for augmenting the military strength of the organization," reported Drew Middleton of the New York *Times*. "Political sources in the United States and British delegations foresaw the encouragement of strong neutralist forces in both nations as a consequence of the attitude taken by their delegations here."

The *Herald Tribune's* European expert, Anthony Nutting, former British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, covering the conference from New York, had an even gloomier impression. "The overtones of neutralism and negotiation at any price" which he detected in the Norwegian and Danish speeches led Nutting to the somber conclusion that the Bulganin notes and Kennan's "neutralization doctrine" had had "considerable impact on European thinking." Consequently, he felt a "note of grave warning" was not only timely but "imperative."

EVENTS demonstrated that the Norwegian and Danish speeches on the opening day of the conference marked a turning point in Europe's evolution away from neutralism. Possibly if the President had listened to the advisers in his delegation, who had been feeding correspondents scare propaganda about a neutralist tidal wave, catastrophe might have ensued. But the President fortunately disarmed antagonism by the patience with which he tried to understand the European viewpoint and by his evident willingness to modify his own views in order to meet it halfway. Thereby he confirmed the judgment of political observers who have long felt that much so-called neutralism is a disguised European reaction to American arrogance.

President Eisenhower's sympathetic attitude made it evident that experimenting with new approaches to

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the problem of reducing world tensions was not necessarily treason to NATO. Thus encouraged, leading Continental delegations—especially the Franco-German duumvirate, which is more and more emerging as the central core of European leadership—launched a two-front offensive against the remaining bastions of Anglo-American diplomatic orthodoxy and against the bona fide neutralists in the European camp. Each victory for flexibility and audacity in the collective NATO search for peace naturally helped responsible European leaders beat back the forces of go-it-alone neutralism. After Dulles had finally agreed to French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau's proposal for a foreign ministers' conference with the Soviets, Gerhardsen yielded to pressure from the Danes and members of his own delegation. He agreed to give a mass interview to clear up some "misunderstandings" about his speech. "I am not neutralist," he explained to the press, simultaneously serving warning on the Soviets that if they failed to respond to NATO's peace overtures by the time American intermediate missiles were ready, Norway might reconsider its refusal to accept them. At the same time, he withdrew his original opposition to the paragraph in the final communiqué endorsing nuclear warheads and intermediate missiles for NATO forces in general.

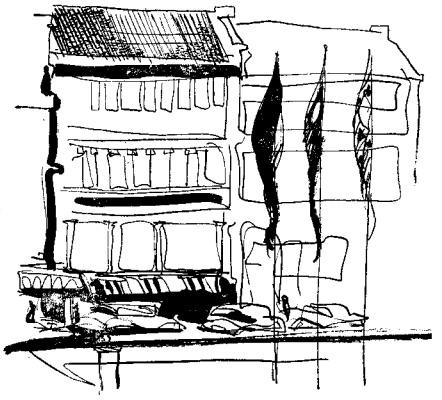
Re-emergence of Europe

The wording of the communiqué reminded the logical French of the meaningless compromise resolutions that traditionally close congresses of their Radical Socialist Party. But the feeling that Europe was no longer helpless, that it was once more capable both of developing a constructive will and imposing it on a powerful ally, was so exhilarating that there is little tendency to carp here, and this seems pretty generally true throughout the Continent.

"For the first time since the founding of NATO," wrote Charles Ronsac, one of the leading French political commentators, in the Paris *Journal*, "we have witnessed a new and comforting phenomenon—the emergence of Europe as a nascent community within a broader alliance. In particular France, Germany, and Italy have succeeded in working together as a team, often exerting a strong pull on England to return to Europe."

Even more explicitly than most European commentators, Ronsac attributes the relative success of the summit meeting and the subsequent revitalization of NATO to the ultimate U.S. acceptance of Europe as an equal Atlantic partner with a mind and a will of its own.

The European coalition around the Paris-Bonn axis, however, is more than a diplomatic front set up to counterbalance one-sided U.S. military leadership in NATO. Neither is the coalition designed to focus attention on the European desire for more talks with the Soviets be-



fore the nuclear armaments race is pushed closer to the brink by the establishment of missile bases in western Europe. Above all, the essentials are here for the real power grouping. One of the most important—and illuminating—developments of the conference became evident only after its adjournment. This was the agreement reportedly reached between Gaillard and Adenauer to abandon the negotiations West German Defense Minister Strauss had initiated with the British, for the production of German nuclear weapons with British assistance, in favor of German participation in a European atomic armaments pool. The French are said to have enough plutonium on hand to make at least six experimental A-bombs in the tactical range and are planning test explosions for the latter half of 1958.

By relying on purely national production, France could hope to become only a token atomic power. But with the might of German industry thrown into the effort—and especially if the Dutch with their highly advanced electronic technology come into the pool—there would be the possibility that a new military superpower would emerge in western Europe. The proposed European armaments pool will produce other modern weapons besides nuclear warheads—eventually perhaps ballistic missiles of strategic range.

According to some optimistic sources here, within a short time after European experts—who are already reported to have held some preliminary talks—work out the details of the project, Europe will be able to produce its own warheads for American missiles, which by then will be available. This result will be achieved more quickly and economically if, as some French political circles believe, Dulles has really agreed to make some relevant U.S. industrial secrets available to Europeans as soon as the McMahon Act can be amended. But the project is not dependent on American cooperation.

A Power to Serve

There is no official confirmation that the Franco-German talks about the proposed weapons pool have resulted in a definite agreement, as has been reported. Even if Paris and Bonn are completely in accord on the scheme, various domestic and international pressures may compromise its realization. The difficulty the six Common Market powers have encountered in agreeing on an administrative capital for Little Europe suggests some snags that may lie in the path of the projected new technological "EDC."

But the very fact that western Europe has the theoretical capability of becoming a modern weapons community within two or three years lends a substance to the Third Force idea that it never had in the past. It also helps explain why at the summit meeting the chief European leaders were able to impose liberalization in the NATO doctrine on negotiation with the Soviets while resisting strong popular pressures for passive neutralism.

Rather than fall into the morass of neutralism, the leaders of western Europe have elected to work together as a separate unit in NATO backed

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by potentially independent military power, thus gaining the capacity to follow a policy of their own inside NATO, a policy from which NATO, the U.S. included, can only gain. Already their success in Paris has brought a new and dramatic element onto the diplomatic scene. As European freedom of maneuver increases—which it seems likely to do as long as the European leaders agree among themselves—they can if they desire effectively block any U.S. attempt to negotiate a world settlement directly with the Soviets that does not take into account their interests. With three military powers in the world, a settlement by two that left out the third wouldn't really settle anything.

The Europeans have been paying disproportionate attention to the danger of Soviet-American negotiations; in their new unity they can find relief from their fears. At the same time, as they demonstrated in Paris, they can put real pressure on the United States to accept or even initiate new negotiations. Whether they can exercise equal pressure on the Soviet Union remains to be seen, but by throwing all their weight on the NATO side of the scale—and particularly by their ability to lift it out again—they can undoubtedly give the Kremlin strategists something to think about.

MUCH OF NATO's activity in the coming months will undoubtedly be concerned with determining who does the negotiating with the Soviets and on what issues. If we attempt to negotiate behind the backs of our allies, the new spirit of understanding in the alliance developed last month will collapse and we shall find Europeans trying to negotiate a separate peace behind our back. On the other hand, if we use the need for consulting NATO as an excuse for stalling or evading real negotiations —as some Europeans accuse Dulles of having done during last summer's disarmament talks—the ultimate effects on the alliance will be just as disastrous. We must simultaneously arm and talk, consult and use our own initiative, encourage our allies to stand on their own feet and discourage them from going it alone. It looks as if we shall have to start relearning the lost art of diplomacy.

Press Briefings at the Summit

HOWARD FREEMAN

PARIS

ANY INTERNATIONAL gathering at which there are 4.3 representatives of the press for every official delegate is bound to have difficulty explaining itself. But the NATO Summit Conference had more than its share. When seventeen hundred-odd reporters turned up in Paris there was bound to be more than a quantitative increase in the problem of press relations. They packed the huge auditorium in the Palais de Chaillot set aside for Secretary-General Paul-Henri Spaak's nightly briefing. They seethed through the lobby at the Hotel Crillon where White House Press Secretary Hagerty's sessions, purportedly to explain the U.S. position, had all the solemnity of a prayer meeting in a railroad station. Even hurriedly called "backgrounders," to which a select few among the press were invited, were jammed to overflowing.

But failures in communication went deeper than that. There was, for example, utter consternation among European reporters at the spectacle put on by Hagerty and a group of noisy camp followers known as White House correspondents. They came charging into Paris on Saturday, December 14, and took over the Crillon Hotel—bar, reception rooms, and all. By nightfall they had commenced the first of interminable press conferences that sounded to a bystander more like a brawl than a briefing.

Buchwald Was Right

The fascination of these sessions was not so much their style as their content. Like persistent if rowdy court attendants chronicling the day's activities of a visiting monarch, reporters scrutinized the minutiae of Eisenhower's schedule. The purposes of the conference itself were mainly brushed aside. At times the exchanges resembled slapstick:

Q. (ANDY TULLY, Scripps-Howard): Can I ask one question about the President's health? Did Dr. Snyder examine the President?

HAGERTY: I don't know what you mean by "examination."

Q. (TULLY): Did they give him a medical examination—look him over?

Q. (MERRIMAN SMITH, United Press, chiming in): Stethoscope or EKG . . .

HAGERTY (snarling): Look, Smitty, let's not be funny.

(SMITTY, defensively): I am asking.

Q. (TULLY, persisting): Really, what I am asking is, did he give him any examination?

HAGERTY: The Doctor talked to me, as I reported, and he said that the President was fine.

Q.: Let's break it up.

It was this situation which Art Buchwald epitomized in a column "A Late Late Briefing" about an imaginary press secretary named Jim. Appearing in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* on the second day of the conference, it made everybody laugh, including President Eisenhower. Everybody, that is, except Hagerty, who was so outraged that he called a special press conference to deny that any of his own briefings remotely resembled Buchwald's "unadulterated rot."

THE PRESIDENT'S press secretary seemed singularly unresponsive to subtle issues of international policy. When New York *Times* correspondent W. H. Lawrence tried to question him about the President's pledge to respond "at once and with all appropriate force" to armed attack on any NATO member, he thrashed about helplessly, finally retorting, "The President did not have to get the approval of Congress when Pearl Harbor happened." Then there was the following exchange with a dark-skinned reporter:

Q.: Could you tell us if the President, as reported in the newspapers —in French newspapers—will line up behind the British in a formula of French pre-eminence in North Africa, and have the independent North African countries been considered?

HAGERTY: A short answer to a long question is "No."

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Q. (from the back of the room): Would you repeat it? I couldn't hear half of it.

HAGERTY: I didn't hear half of it either. . .

Spaak Blows Up

Hagerty was not the only one who suffered in the international limelight. Paul-Henri Spaak, indefatigable new Secretary-General of NATO, aroused expectations that he did not live up to. It was the more unfortunate because Spaak, who took over the post last May, had promised that he would do great things for the press. He personally would conduct press briefings each evening after closed sessions, lending them a prestige they had never had before.

On the first evening reporters eagerly awaited Spaak's arrival. As the London *Observer* commented beforehand, "Those who look on NATO's summit conference this week primarily as a demonstration—a show of western unity with President Eisenhower there in person—may congratulate themselves . . . [on] so

accomplished a performer as M. Paul-Henri Spaak."

He held his briefings, but they were not a success. The impatient Belgian gave only the barest outline of what was going on, glossing over developments of real interest. When prodded, he burst into hot-tempered outbursts against the assembled reporters. Night after night he turned them out into the cold—reporters who were storyless and desperate for copy to file.

Actually, Spaak probably wasn't in a position to give much guidance to newspapermen looking for the real news of the conference. What was supposed to have been merely a big publicity show for NATO took on a life of its own that caught everybody by surprise.

IT HAD BEEN thought that just bringing together the fifteen heads of government would be news enough. "After all," one high official declared pontifically before the conference, "the heads of government don't come to an organization to bury it."

Nobody was quite prepared to see the organization bursting with vitality. It certainly came as a surprise to many of the gentlemen of the press assembled here. A few of them seemed to feel that if the show didn't turn out as it was supposed to turn out, then it couldn't be much of a show.

WILL WE PAY THE PRICE?

ERIC SEVAREID

When President Truman sent General Eisenhower to Europe as the first commander of the postwar alliance, the general called his role that of a "psychological time bomb." He was not there as a troop commander or strategist or organizer; he was there as salesman, spark plug, exhorter—and it worked.

Today, older, weaker, with the momentum of events no longer clearly running with him, he is trying the same difficult role and at the risk of his health. His speech on December 16 to the NATO leaders about the dilemma of the West was a better speech than the two he gave to his own people on the same subject. For in Paris last month he went further, and raised the real question: will the free peoples, he asked, pay the price necessary to preserve their freedom?

If there is doubt about the answer in Europe, it is partly for the same reason there is doubt here in America: because allied governments, like our own people, do not yet know with clarity what the price is.

At home there is a deep but vague feeling that the price is far higher than a billion or two more in money for defense, a couple of hundred millions for an educational spur. There is a growing feeling that the price is a very considerable mass mobilization of brains, labor, raw materials—of genuine sacrifice over a long pull.

In Europe there is a deep and spreading feeling that the price is far more than the installation of a few missile bases and the sharing of more scientific information—a feeling that somehow, some way, the West must create political and diplomatic unity out of disparity; that if it cannot solve its own policy problems, on North Africa, Cyprus, the Near East, or China, it will never find a common policy front toward the Soviet Union and settlement.

Maybe this aim is not possible; maybe the alliance can never really function save on a limited military level; but the concern and doubt go deeper, for no longer is there a general assumption that military strength and unity will keep the peace. Indeed, for the first time, added military strength is not regarded by all governments as added safety, but—by some—as added danger. Now there is talk of a "nuclear neutralized zone" in the center of Europe—something the Russians want; now there is talk of another conference try with Moscow at the summit level—something Russia also wants; now there is even talk—it came from the Norwegian prime minister in Paris—of America and Russia alone sitting down to try to reach a settlement, an idea our major allies have always resented, an idea we have always opposed, but again something that the Russians want.

Do these new approaches represent the coming of common sense and the true paths to peace? Or do they represent the spread of fear and acts of appeasement that will start a slow landslide of Soviet political advances and end with America isolated and European nations seeking safety on whatever terms they can separately get from Russia? These are fateful questions. The news from Paris proves they are very real questions. What we witness is not only a great test of unity; it is also a historic test of man's wisdom.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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The Musings Of a Retired Diplomat

DAN LEVITT

THE MAN and his message are familiar; only the forum has changed. Instead of at Foggy Bottom, in the pages of *Foreign Affairs,* and at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, Mr. "X"—George Frost Kennan—now speaks his mind in the lecture halls of Oxford, the broadcasting booths of the BBC, and his flat on cobblestoned Merton Street.

Twice a week during term time, the Eastman visiting professor addresses Oxford undergraduates and dons on "Soviet-Western Relations, 1918-39." On Sundays, he has been traveling to London for his six weekly Reith Lectures over the BBC, to be published next spring by Harper.

Reprinted in the *Listener* and reported everywhere, even in *Pravda,* these radio talks on "Russia, the Atom, and the West" are forming a staple of European political controversy. On December 10, for example, Khrushchev loudly approved Kennan's plan for disengagement in central Europe, while Secretary Dulles laughed it off. For weeks now the German Social Democrats have been lashing Chancellor Adenauer with the "Kennan Plan for Germany." The British Left has been using Kennan's ideas to demonstrate the vacuity of present American foreign policy.

Disengagement and Diplomacy

Whatever his public forum, the former U.S. ambassador to Moscow patiently repeats the same message. With minor modifications, it is the same one he has enunciated in the article signed "X" in *Foreign Affairs* back in 1947, in his books on American diplomacy and Russian history, and in many public statements. Like Archilochus' hedgehog, Kennan "knows one big thing": that diplomacy is a fragile plant requiring assiduous cultivation by professionals. It is no business for retired generals, public-relations experts, or harassed politicians.

Educated in Germany and at Princeton, trained in American diplo-

matic posts throughout Central Europe and Russia, and sharpened in the labyrinth of Washington politics, Kennan is the professional par excellence. And his enforced political hibernation has given him depth. His theories on American-Soviet relations are drawn from two sources: thirty years of practical diplomatic experience and countless hours of academic research into the origins of the present crisis.

Kennan's general argument is a familiar one. The prolonged First World War ("our greatest catastrophe") enabled the Bolsheviks to come to power. Allied intervention in the Russian civil war and our neglect of the Russian problem at Versailles made the Bolsheviks incurably hostile. The combination of this hostility with their Marxist perspective renders them impervious to western arguments and thought. Since the Soviet leaders understand not words but situations, the West must be specific about what it will and will not do. Soviet-western relations should become a matter of continuing bilateral negotiations—conducted by professional diplomats in private. Summit diplomacy, with its news cameras and harried heads of state, and coalition diplomacy, with its inevitable dissensions, are both to be shunned. Each of the specific tensions between Russia and the West should be tackled in turn. Only when tensions are lessened and security is guaranteed can disarmament be considered.

That is Kennan's general argument. Its details have inspired more than a little controversy. Most controversial of all has been his insistence that "the German question still stands at the center of world tensions." The Russians must be removed from central and eastern Europe; this can only be achieved, he suggests, by working out agreements for a unified, demilitarized Germany.

Kennan believes that Europe's best defense is not a military one. After the withdrawal of foreign troops, European armies should be turned into "territorial militia." Then each nation can face Russia and say: "You may be able to overrun us . . . but you will have small profit from it; we are in a position to assure that not a single Communist or other person likely to perform your political business will become available to you . . . your stay among us will [not] be a happy one." Kennan is willing to "give personal assurance" that any nation doing this will have no need of large military establishments.

HOW OPTIMISTIC is Kennan about current affairs? Not very. On November 7, he shook a large Oxford audience with this prophecy: "The struggle for world power will, in future, be waged between Moscow

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and Peking." He explained that the Communists, indifferent to the amenities of life, are obsessed with the problem of power. We in the West, committed to our soft pleasures, lack any real appetite for the struggle. Unwilling to make necessary sacrifices, we shall eventually abdicate.

Two hopes remain: a change in the Russians' attitudes and the possibility of their blundering seriously. "More than once the West has been saved by the mistakes of its adversaries. . . . We are no longer masters of our own fate."

A Visit to the Ambassador's Flat

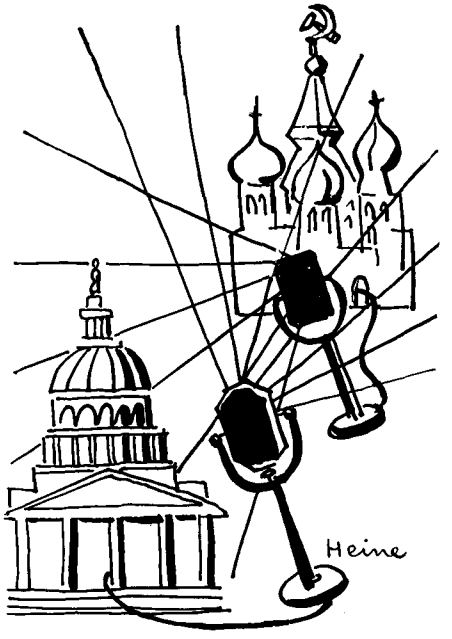
That's the public Kennan, the Eastman Professor and Reith Lecturer. What lies behind his rather rigid façade? For that answer, I called on the professor at his Oxford flat.

The Kennans live with their two youngest children in a comfortable flat owned by Merton College. Tacked to the front door is a small calling card reading "George F. Kennan, Ambassador of the United States of America." When he is not driving Christopher and Wendy to school, walking in the country, or attending university lectures (Carew Hunt on International Communism, Isaiah Berlin on Political Theory, James Joll on Diplomatic History 1919-39), he is writing and rewriting his academic and radio lectures—a process that continues right up to the moment of delivery.

Despite Kennan's written warning to me that he would not talk politics, we talked little else for more than an hour. Several dominant themes ran through his conversation.

His dismissal from government in 1953 obviously still rankled. "I was rather dropped. . . . I like to be in or out . . . If they don't want me, I'll stay out . . . turned to scholarship because I had to find some honorable profession." He is almost equally angry at the treatment meted out to some of his colleagues: Paul Nitze ("a Republican who was no more involved in Truman's foreign policy than was Mr. Dulles"), Louis Halle, Dean Acheson, and others.

Another theme he lingered over was the contrast he saw between Russian and American leadership. The Russian leaders have been "the best-educated and most intelligent national leaders in the world over the past forty years." On the other hand, American leadership has deteriorated since the days when George Marshall insisted that his diplomats devise a coherent foreign policy. Kennan and his circle had provided him with one. But today "The administration is anti-intellectual . . . concerned with the package rather than its content . . . It has no foreign policy . . . Its representatives abroad are mute because Washington doesn't think its problems



through and doesn't know where it's going . . . The Policy Planning Committee has, in practice, been scrapped . . . There's plenty of talent in the lower echelons of government; the vacuum is at the top."

Of the leading Washington figures, Nixon seems to be the sharpest and most able. "Nixon would never let Congressmen and subordinates pull the stunts they're pulling today."

Aside from the matter of leadership, Kennan's chief preoccupation is with the machinery of government. The State Department is being strangled by "the curse of bigness . . . Congress is impossible." A nominal Democrat, Kennan saw little purpose in distinguishing between Democrats and Republicans in Congress; they are equally reactionary and/or distracted. He had recently thought of running for Congress himself, but reconsidered after investigating the life a Congressman must lead. The demands of grassroots politics, of constituents, of lobbyists (here Kennan told some gory stories about lobbyists drinking Congressmen under the table), and of legislative trivia left the Congressman no time to think. No, said Kennan, America won't be saved by Congress; it must be saved *from* Congress.

Kennan talked wistfully about the need for a small group of able young men to develop outside the party system. Acutely aware of America's policy needs, painfully awake to the ineptitude of the administration and Congress, Kennan would—if he could—transcend the whole system.

Finally, Kennan turned to a theme that is essential to his personal policy. His eyes gleamed as he said, "I'd love to see an American President tell the world that we owe them nothing, that if they want gifts they should turn to Moscow." In March of 1956 I had heard him say almost the very same thing. He apparently resents bitterly the way "neutral nations" are playing Russia against the United States in their requests for aid. He doubts whether Russia can meet any serious commitments in the realm of foreign aid. If we disengaged from our own commitments—and "disengage" is a vital word in Kennan's foreign policy—Russia would be forced into an awkward and very embarrassing position. "Let Russia disappoint the Asians for a while."

While Kennan did not go as far as this, one can see his mind evolving in the following direction: Some day the United States and Russia will have to make a deal directed against the have-not nations. As opponents, both countries are over a barrel when it comes to foreign aid; as partners, they could easily regulate the growth of the massive Asian nations. When Russians are sufficiently afraid of China and when Americans are sufficiently afraid of Russia, the time for such a bargain will have arrived. No real conflict of interests makes Soviet-American hostility inevitable; the threat of the have-nots may make their co-operation imperative.

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TVA: Is Jones The Man for the Job?

KATHERINE GLOVER

ARNOLD R. JONES, who was nominated by President Eisenhower last June 28 to the three-man board of directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority, is a native of Kansas, a Republican, and a conservative. At the time of his appointment, Jones was deputy director of the Bureau of the Budget, which has been openly antagonistic toward TVA. He had come to the Budget Bureau on the recommendation of the President's brother Milton, and had been with it little more than a year. Before that he taught business administration at Kansas State College and was for a time dean of the department. He served as a member of the Kansas Corporation Commission, the utility and corporation-regulation body whose rules on rural electric co-operatives are among the roughest in the country. That circumstance and the Bureau of the Budget affiliation gave an odd ring to the reply the President made at a press conference when a reporter asked him how he had selected Jones. He answered that he was the best-qualified "disinterested man I could find . . ."

The Senate Public Works Subcommittee, which was responsible for passing on the appointment, did not begin hearings until August 21. Instead of the usual one or two sessions such hearings ordinarily take, the inquiry on the Jones appointment continued through seven days. It had not been concluded when Congress adjourned.

THE FIRST FACT to emerge was that, according to Jones's own testimony, he had not really been found, as President Eisenhower had said, but had apparently selected himself for the job.

Jones had decided to leave the Bureau of the Budget and go back to his teaching job in Kansas unless something more promising in government developed. Then his boss, Percival F. Brundage, director of the Budget Bureau, suggested he might like a post on one of the regulatory commissions. "I answered in the negative," Jones replied, but added, "I think I can do a good job on the TVA board.' "

Brundage agreed and approached Presidential aide Gerald Morgan. It wasn't long after a brief talk between Jones and Morgan that the Presidential appointment was announced. The interval of time between Jones's suggestion to Brundage and the date of the appointment was approximately one week. The only other evidence of contact with the Executive staff that Jones reported was a chance meeting in a hallway of the White House with another Presidential aide, Wilton B. Persons.

"We just happened to stop in the hall and talk about the appointment," Jones said. "He said he thought it was fine."

Jones was asked by Senator Gore if he had ever personally discussed the appointment with the President or with Sherman Adams.

"I have not," he replied. Nor was he ever asked anything about his knowledge of TVA or for a commitment in respect to its policies.

"To the best of my knowledge, I have never expressed myself on TVA until this hearing," Jones volunteered.

When he was asked by Senator Kefauver whether length of tenure—a TVA director's term is nine years—had influenced his interest in the appointment, he said it had been a consideration.

Two Views of the Kerr Bill

Jones was then asked how he felt about the Kerr bill, a bill which would permit TVA to issue revenue bonds to provide additional power facilities, and which had passed the Senate on August 9 just before the Jones hearings began.

"My feeling," Jones replied, "is that TVA should be in a position to finance any additional power and that revenue bonds are a legitimate way of financing the additional power needs of the area." He thought the Kerr bill would meet those needs.

But Jones found himself in a curious position. The Bureau of the Budget was not in perfect accord with the terms of the Kerr bill and had stated its position in a letter offering suggestions for radical revisions that had been sent to Senator Dennis Chavez, chairman of the Senate Public Works Subcommittee. The letter was signed by Arnold R. Jones as deputy director of the Bureau of the Budget.

This letter became one of the most controversial issues in the hearings. Under persistent questioning, Jones said that he had signed it in his administrative capacity as deputy director, in the absence of his superior. He had examined the letter, which had been written by a subordinate but cleared by six members of the staff, for the principles it expressed, with which, he said, he agreed. "I was satisfied," he added, "that it was in agreement with the President's program."

But how, the senators wanted to know, did he reconcile the views expressed in the letter with his present endorsement of the Kerr bill?

Jones admitted that he had some reservations on one or two points in the Budget Bureau version of the bill, such as in the suggested reduction in the limitation on the bond issue from $750 million to $200 million, but that he felt TVA could "live with" the Budget Bureau version.

THE SENATORS asked Jones next about another controversial issue. Suppose, Jones was asked, another Dixon-Yates proposal should arise in which the President directed him to do something that was opposed to the best interests of TVA. Although Jones appeared to have done his homework on TVA well, he professed to know nothing of Dixon-Yates except what he had read in the papers.

"You tell the committee," Senator Hill asked, "that you don't know who worked out the Dixon-Yates deal?"

"I tell this committee that I am not familiar with the Dixon-Yates deal; yes, sir," Jones said.

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His first answer to the question of what he would do in a case similar to Dixon-Yates was that he would feel an obligation of loyalty to the President, who had appointed him, and if there should be an irreconcilable difference, he would resign.

After much questioning on this point, his final statement was that in a case where any President asked the TVA directors to follow a specific course of action he would, of course, give it every consideration, and "if I determined it was not in accord with the intent of TVA or in my opinion not in the best interest of TVA, I would not favor doing it and I would then follow such legal course as I considered to be in the best interest of TVA."

The Senate committee adjourned, still withholding confirmation, with strong opposition among the majority members and vigorous protests from the press and organizations of the TVA region. The President nevertheless gave Jones a recess appointment on September 10. The fact that the TVA board at the time had only one director, the chairman, Herbert D. Vogel, may have influenced him. General Vogel, another Eisenhower appointee, according to the testimony has been much more pro Bureau of the Budget than pro TVA.

Since the appointment of Arnold Jones, President Eisenhower has made a second recess appointment to the board of directors of TVA, naming Dr. Frank J. Welch, dean of the Department of Agriculture at the University of Kentucky and formerly on the faculty of Mississippi State College, to fill the three-year unexpired term of Dr. Raymond R. Paty, who died in August. He is fifty-five years old, nominally a Democrat, and although born in Texas has spent most of his professional life within the vicinity of the Tennessee Valley area. He has served the present administration on several missions that have taken him to many parts of the world, and has been a member of the President's Commission on Increased Industrial Uses for Agricultural Products.

A Change of Heart?

When I talked with Jones in Knoxville he had been in his probationary job for two months. It appeared that he was getting along well with TVA personnel and with the people he had met in his visits around the area.

For his fellow workers in TVA Jones had the highest praise. "More than in any organization I have ever known there is a loyalty and a spirit of co-operation among them. I have not met a single employee," he said, "who does not deem it an opportunity to work with TVA. There is no jealousy among them; each is willing to be a part of the whole, and there is no rivalry between the different divisions."

He was impressed by the comment of a guard on one of the projects. After showing Jones around, the

guard said, "Everything in TVA is a demonstration." Jones seemed to be catching a glimpse of this principle, which is basic to the TVA concept.

He now recognized, he told me, the part TVA plays as a national laboratory; above all, of course, in national defense, but in many other directions, through research and experimentation, and as a demonstration of low-cost power. For the impact TVA has on the economy of other parts of the country he cited the large volume of purchases of equipment outside the region, products manufactured in practically every state. In the years from 1934 to 1957, expenditures for materials purchased within the area totaled $834 million, while materials purchased outside the area added up to $1,114 million. Even for a man who deals in figures, there can be no doubt that these amounts are formidable.

Perhaps now he will find himself better able to take the oath of office that is required of each director, according to which he must declare his belief in the wisdom and feasibility of the TVA Act. During the course of the inquiry he had said only that "I think I can do a good job in carrying out the administration of TVA, but I don't want to represent to this committee that I am an enthusiastic potential director."

Conflicts and Contributions

In his first few months on the job, Jones has gone faithfully about familiarizing himself with the complex operations of TVA. He asks questions and shows a willingness to learn. At the time I saw him he had visited twenty-one of the thirty-one major projects. I asked him if he still felt as he had about the Kerr bill, with which he had expressed reservations when he was before the committee. He replied that he hoped that the Kerr bill or a similar provision for self-financing would pass in the next session of Congress. "I believe that TVA has a public power responsibility in its power service area, and the demand for power, of course, is on the increase. It is my hope and expectation that TVA will have the opportunity to respond to that demand."

I asked him what his particular contribution would be. In what aspect of TVA was he most interested? He answered that "My major interest is in public finance . . . I am concerned with personnel and management. I believe I can help work out the self-financing policy successfully. With that expected legislation [the Kerr bill], TVA will be entering upon a new financial era." In the hearings he had said he felt he could help iron out the differences between the Budget Bureau and TVA.

WHEN Arnold Jones appears again before the Senate Public Works Subcommittee, he will have had a few months' firsthand acquaintance with TVA. Senator Hill pointed out during the first inquiry that TVA was set up to guarantee the maximum freedom to the board of directors, who were to be subject only to the control of the Congress. The office was carefully designed to be free from the centralized control of any President and Executive office. Whether a man who has expressed an "obligation of loyalty" to the President and who has announced his intention to resign in the case of an "irreconcilable difference" can maintain his independence as a director is the question that the committee members must answer.

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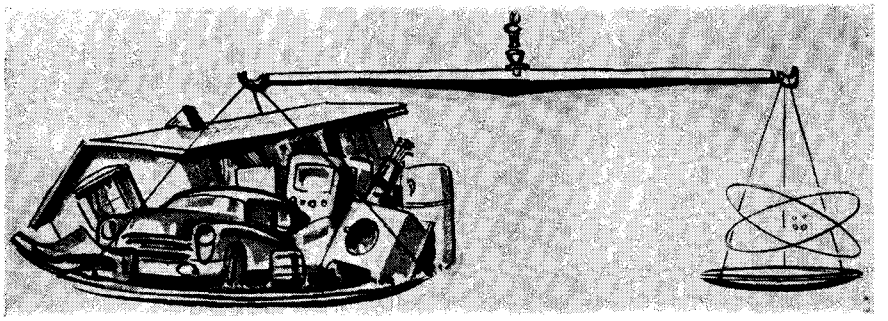

The High Cost Of Scientific Secrecy

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

AMID the welter of explanations and excuses for our failure to match Russian technological progress in the missile and satellite fields, few attempts have been made to poll those most concerned—the American scientists.

Fortunately a temporary three-man Congressional subcommittee, squeezed behind a fiberboard partition in the dank caucus room of the Old House Office Building, conducted just such a poll back in March, 1956, interviewing dozens of America's outstanding scientists and taking detailed testimony from no fewer than nine of them.

Even at that time, many of those interviewed expressed fears that Russia was gaining on—if not surpassing—the United States in the race for technological supremacy. But in their little-noticed testimony before the House Special Subcommittee on Government Information, none of the nine witnesses more than touched on any of the factors that are today being quoted so endlessly: budgetary restrictions, inadequate science education, interservice rivalry. Instead, they concentrated their attack on what two of their number independently described as America's "blind faith" that more and more secrecy can somehow save us.

The idol of security through secrecy, the scientists stated, is not merely a false one; it is a menace to the very national survival its worshipers hope to protect. For at its altar has been sacrificed something far more important, security through achievement. True security, these men argued, cannot be measured in facts hidden in triple-lock safes, but only in progress—in a nation's ability to advance at a technological pace more rapid than that of any potential enemy. In postwar America, they added, more and more of the most advanced of these ideas have been hopelessly trapped in a maze of regulatory secrecy, with all its rigid standards of classification, security clearance, and compartmentalization of knowledge. The result, more than one of the scientists insisted, is that American weapons development has been retarded far more than almost total disclosure could possibly have aided the Russians.

The Origins Of Invention

The leading witness was Lloyd V. Berkner, a geophysicist and radar pioneer who has since become one of President Eisenhower's scientific advisers. Dr. Berkner came directly to the point. "Newton," he testified, "did not know he was looking for gravitation in the particular form that he later announced when he lay under the apple tree and the apple fell on his head. The inspiration came as a consequence of his acquiring a wide range of knowledge.

"Now, this is generally the fundamental procedure in the really great developments of modern times. In those great developments with which I have been associated . . . One could not possibly have dreamed in advance that in assembling such information and associating it, the process would have led to a new development. . . .

"The concept of invention only comes after you have the information."

Dr. Berkner pointed out that "the laws of mechanics and the concepts of space and time derived from astronomy, together with the work of Planck on high-temperature radiation, led Einstein to postulate the equivalence of mass and energy," on which is based the development of nuclear energy.

"Yet today," he added sadly, "any intelligent military organization, operating under present security rules, would certainly classify the equivalent of Planck's work so that it would be denied to a potential Einstein."

IN THE PAST, it was noted, scientific progress was often blocked simply because of the lack of efficient international communication. In the mid-twentieth century, the spokesmen for science claimed, the policy of security through secrecy has had much the same effect. Malcolm C. Henderson, physicist and former employee of both the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission, gave one of the several examples cited. Shortly after the explosion of the first atom bomb in 1945, he testified, a seminar of graduate students at the University of Pennsylvania decided to write a textbook explaining how it had been done. Their source material, Dr. Henderson insisted, was collected "entirely from the open scientific literature." Yet the book they produced contained "practically everything except the immediate way in which the bomb was in fact detonated." Their findings, however, were considered so secret that the government approached the university, charging that the use of the word "implosion" in the text proved there had been a security leak. University scientists, according to Dr. Henderson, simply "pulled down Webster's dictionary and showed it to them."

Despite the explanations of the scientists involved, Federal officials refused to permit publication of the textbook for more than two years,

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during which period the vast majority of American scientists were denied a potentially valuable foundation upon which new discoveries might have been based.

'Lead Time' and Lag Thinking

The scientists appearing before the subcommittee insisted on separating what they called "basic" scientific discoveries from the specific application of such discoveries to military weapons. They indicated that the United States was now classifying practically everything in the area of applications. One of the more conservative members of the panel, Chairman Detlev W. Bronk of the National Science Board, admitted that even basic discoveries were being classified "very frequently."

Briefly, the majority of the witnesses held that direct military applications, to say nothing of the discoveries on which they are based, should be classified only in a few "elite" instances—and then merely temporarily. They argued that such secrecy can only purchase "lead time," that any rival power was certain to come up with the same solution eventually. Harold C. Urey, the Nobel Prize winner who has been termed one of the "chief architects" of the atom bomb, estimated the average inventive time lag at "less than one year," and Dr. Bronk agreed that it was "only a brief period." Research agencies, the latter added, cannot hope to advance rapidly "if they continue to concern themselves with the restriction of information rather than pushing ahead, letting the information which they have now outgrown become available as a foundation for further discoveries . . ."

In support of this theory, Dr. Berkner offered the case of radar. At the start of the Second World War, he explained, "We had no anti-submarine radar, no night fighters, no means for extensive sea search. The absence of such weapons is directly attributable to the technological ignorance and delays resulting from secrecy. Had air-borne radar been developed . . . our shipping losses after its beginning would certainly have been less than the tragic millions of tons.

"More recently," he added with apparent authority, "the establishment of our northern air defenses was delayed by at least one and more probably two years by technological secrecy. In fact, the security of information was so good that even the Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff did not learn until after his retirement that the main underlying technological problems had been solved more than two years earlier."

Moreover, Dr. Berkner argued, extreme weapons secrecy can have its tactical disadvantages. Radar sufficient to the task demanded of it, he said, was installed at Pearl Harbor

well before the surprise Japanese attack on December 7, 1941. But such was the "military ignorance imposed by secrecy," he added, that "the clear warning of radar was ignored."

As to the secrecy all too often imposed on basic scientific discoveries, the 198 pages of expert testimony refer time and again to the absolute impossibility of successfully classifying "the laws of nature." It was pointed out that Newton and Leibnitz developed calculus independently and within five years of each other, that an Englishman and a Swede simultaneously discovered oxygen, that an American, an Englishman, and a Russian all developed the principle of induction (on which the dynamo is based) at about the same time and with no knowledge of each other's findings, and that strikingly similar radar systems were in fact developed during the war by the United States and France on one side and by Germany and Japan on the other.

Despite such historical facts, however, the scientists were able to describe a dozen-odd postwar cases in which the United States had attempted to classify basic research discoveries. Donald J. Hughes, a senior physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, mentioned a typical example, involving a certain thermonuclear reaction still stamped "secret" in the United States although it had been independently measured by a British scientist who then published his findings. Dr. Hughes called the incident both confusing and embarrassing. "Here is something which we think should be very secret," he explained, "but somebody in another country goes ahead and measures it, which a scientist in almost any country could do very easily."

Copying What You Haven't Seen

The result of such attempts to classify pure science, however, was perhaps best illustrated by the experience of Philip M. Morse, wartime director of the Navy's Operation Evaluation Group and now a mathematics professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After the war, Dr. Morse has since written the subcommittee in amplification, he became interested in the problem of waiting lines ("La Guardia Airport closes in for one-half hour, or a smashup occurs on the New Jersey Turnpike, how long before traffic is normal again?" he has explained). Dr. Morse knew that some classified studies had been done in the general field for the military, involving such problems as the jamming of a gun turret. At his urging, enough "basic" scientific facts were eventually pried loose from classified reports on their military applications to justify one or two published articles. At length, however, when nothing appeared in his own area of research, Dr. Morse decided to publish his private findings.

"The reaction," he has written, "was immediate and discouraging." Several of his friends in the military promptly accused him of copying work already done on a classified

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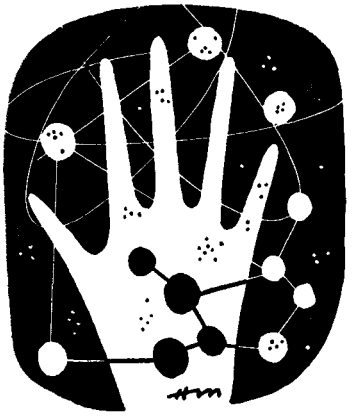
basis by Bernard Koopman, a mathematics professor at Columbia University.

Dr. Morse was an old friend of Dr. Koopman's, and therefore went to him asking why the latter had not published "the theoretical part" of his work. The answer was twofold: first, it was extremely difficult to get agreement on separation and declassification of the "pure science" aspects of his study; second, a Professor Clark at the University of Michigan had reportedly done a previous classified report on the same subject for another military research group, and Dr. Koopman could not locate this report.

"The result," Dr. Morse reported, ". . . was to close to me the subject of fluctuations in waiting lines. . . . The situation was just muddy enough to decide me to imitate Koopman and quit work in that part of the queueing theory. There are a lot of other things to be done, other fields to work in where a much higher percentage of the work is published and where one can know better what developments are made and by whom."

Dr. Morse's experience was originally brought to the attention of the Government Information subcommittee in the testimony of M. Stanley Livingston, associated with Ernest O. Lawrence in the development of the cyclotron and still a consultant at Brookhaven and Los Alamos. Dr. Livingston cited the Morse case as a classic example of what can happen under the present American classification system—and as a demonstration of the multiple waste that often results. As he pointed out, there is the waste in scientific progress, since the information is denied to technologists who might improve on it. There is the waste in American industrial productivity, since it is also denied to manufacturers who might apply it. There is the waste of scientific creativity, since at least three able men have each spent many months discovering, rediscovering, and rediscovering similar basic ideas. And there is the waste in the future availability of scientific talent, since at least one of those involved—Dr. Morse—has decided to quit those "sensitive" areas of military research which national survival most requires in favor of other areas where discoveries will not be merely duplications or triplications of previous efforts.

Finally, the panel of expert witnesses pointed out that the American classification system has also had its effect on scientific education. Dr. Henderson admitted that physics teaching is impeded because "there are classified subjects which represent advances in nuclear physics that a graduate student being trained should learn, but he cannot learn unless he is cleared." And Dr. Berkner estimated that "Our ordinary textbooks and handbooks are in many cases ten or fifteen years behind the times," solely as a result of classification policies.



'They Can't Classify His Head'

Just as stifling as the classification system, according to most of the witnesses, were personnel security clearance procedures. "Under these procedures," as Dr. Berkner said, "the scientist cannot avoid becoming the almost unique target, because he is the source of much of the information to be protected."

In the view of most of the nine scientists, however, current security clearance standards have some very special drawbacks in the realm of technological progress. For one thing, Dr. Berkner pointed out, present clearance standards "put a premium on conformity." But scientific greatness, he added, "always rises from diversity of thought, never from conformity. . . . An agile brain that can create great things is almost certain to be nonconformist."

Trevor Gardner, Special Assistant to the Air Force Secretary for Research and Development from 1953 to early 1956 and representing the administrative side of defense research, has added his agreement in a later appearance before the subcommittee. "Many of the most creative individuals that are available for work on advanced projects," he said, "are themselves unusual enough so that they are not clearable by normal standards. . ."

Gardner also mentioned a second difficulty in attempting to enforce rigid clearance standards for scientists, especially for those working on basic research projects. He referred to the case of "a scientist of international reputation" whose security clearance was lifted by the military. "Unfortunately," Gardner said, "this man has such inventive ability that he keeps on coming up with Secret and Top Secret ideas, even though his clearance is removed." Defense officials, he added, without a trace of a smile, "can't seem to classify his head."

According to testimony by both Gardner and Clifford C. Furnas, Assistant Defense Secretary for Research and Development until he resigned last February, there is the further difficulty that scientists are now cleared on an agency-by-agency basis; so that, for example, a scientist working on a Navy missile project cannot freely discuss his problems with scientists doing similar work for the Army or Air Force, even if all involved have been cleared for Top Secret by their respective employers.

Beyond this is the "need-to-know" principle, adopted during the Korean War to prevent leaks of battle plans and now expanded to cover all classified information. In military operations, Gardner pointed out, it is neither desirable nor necessary that everyone know every detail of the battle plan. "The reverse is true in a development or scientific situation," he stated. "Here, it is very difficult to say which scientist or engineer or physicist is going to come up with the idea that will push the ball over the goal line . . . Applying the 'need-to-know' criterion to a scientific situation simply cripples it so that you just cannot have any progress."

DR. MORSE'S reaction to all these classification and clearance procedures has already been described in his own words. Testimony before

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the subcommittee also revealed that some of America's most prominent universities, among them Chicago, Syracuse, Case Institute, Harvard, and M.I.T., have recently refused to accept classified government contracts for much the same reasons.

"At the end of the war," said Dr. Urey, "I looked very definitely for some things to do that would not enter into the classified field, and the things which I found to do are as far away from defense things as they could possibly be. Thus, determining the temperatures in the ancient oceans is not likely to become a classified subject, so far as I can see. . . . I may say that selection of such subjects was done definitely with some thought in mind of having some work to do which I could talk about freely without worrying about the question of classification at all."

"I can tell you," said Otto Struve, an astronomer whom Edward Teller frequently consulted, "that if I have a bright idea in the field of nuclear fusion, I would go to sleep and forget it. . ."

Open Facts About Secrecy

While the United States has turned to more and more scientific secrecy in the postwar era, the subcommittee was informed, Russia has been moving in exactly the opposite direction.

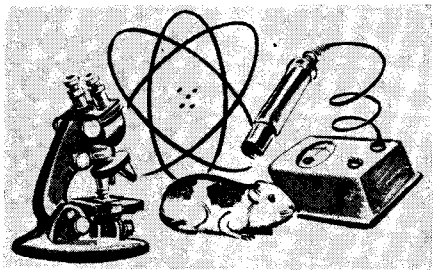
Dr. Berkner quoted the New York *Times* as reporting that the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in February, 1956, heard two separate and high-level attacks on "undue secrecy in scientific work." As for specific action, it was noted that the Soviet Union freely published details on the operation of the synchrotron, an atom smasher, when it was discovered by a Russian, Veksler, in 1945. The same device had earlier been invented by an American, McMillan, but his discovery was promptly classified, so that it was kept not only from the Russians but from most of McMillan's American colleagues as well.

The same situation, Dr. Hughes stated, was apparent in the case of basic research on controlled fusion, or the harnessing of the H-bomb's thermonuclear energy for peaceful uses. This research is known as the Sherwood Project in the United States, and practically everything but the name is still classified. Yet the Russians began to publish results of their research in this area more than a year ago, and have since produced dozens of freely distributed reports on the subject.

In the majority of scientific areas, Dr. Hughes added, the Soviet Union still restricts more information than the United States. But, he argued, recent Russian technological successes have been accomplished despite secrecy regulations, not because of them. After attending the first Atoms for Peace conference, he testified, he was satisfied that "Our lead was greater by far in the fields that have been open in the United States but secret in Russia than in those phases secret in both countries before Geneva."

In addition, as Dr. Berkner pointed out in his testimony, technological secrecy hurts the United States far more than a country like Russia. For the Soviet Union can offset the limitations secrecy places on scientific progress by impounding the intellectual cream of its youth in technical schools, by transferring its scientists to any laboratory it sees fit, by ordering that its scientists be placed in a favored position in society, and by impoverishing its people to achieve results.

As Eugene Rabinowitch, editor of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, said in a letter to the subcommittee,



"If we want to base our scientific and technological leadership on concealment to the same extent to which this is done in Soviet Russia, we would have to imitate her whole economic and intellectual setup."

None of the nine scientific witnesses denied that a freer dissemination of American technological information would aid the Russians. But the majority argued that the United States was certain to gain vastly more, for only a democracy can profit fully from that vital factor in scientific progress that Dr. Hughes defined as "open criticism and critical weighing of results."

The serious-minded young chairman of the Government Information subcommittee, John E. Moss of California, is inclined to agree. He admits that "Some people will still argue that Soviet espionage techniques must continue to dictate airtight American security procedures, just as they have done in the past." However, he adds, "Only in the field of guided missiles do we now *know* that we have lost technological leadership to Russia. And we know equally well that the Russian successes with Sputniks I and II can hardly be credited to Soviet spies. For, in this area, the United States simply did not have the secrets to steal."

EXCESSIVE SECRECY, Moss concedes, does not pose the sole problem in regaining scientific leadership from Russia. The military services must be made to co-operate on technological breakthroughs. The State Department must reinstate the science attaché program it dropped two years ago, just as the Soviet Union was instituting a science attaché program of its own. A clearinghouse for translation and dissemination of foreign scientific reports must be established to match Russian efforts in that field. And the U.S. government must recognize the importance of financing basic scientific studies wherever they may lead, since military applications must eventually halt unless basic research continues to provide new leads.

To Moss, the present maze of classification and clearance procedures alone makes the task of regaining weapons superiority immensely difficult. At more than one hearing he has volunteered his opinion that "Congress must share the responsibility" for the present excesses of secrecy. But he still believes that Lloyd Berkner explained America's choice quite simply nearly two years ago:

"If, eventually, we should have to fight," Dr. Berkner testified, "we must decide now whether it is to be with effective weapons about which an enemy knows a great deal, or with pieces of paper about which he knows nothing."

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The Afrikaners And the Suffering Majority

ANTHONY DELIUS

JOHANNESBURG

A MILLION AND A HALF Afrikaner Nationalists are in a state of almost messianic expectation. They believe that the three-hundred-year-old fight by those of Dutch and French Huguenot ancestry to survive as a "white race" in Africa is about to be gloriously consummated by the establishment of a republic, perhaps soon after the 1958 general elections. With each passing year it has become increasingly difficult for any effective, constitutional opposition to be registered by those who do not share the Nationalists' vision. This suffering majority is composed of South Africa's remaining 200,000 non-Nationalist Afrikaners, 1,200,000 British-descended whites, 1,300,000 Colored (mulatto), 9,250,000 Africans (black), and 300,000 Indian citizens.

The power of the Nationalists has been built up in a number of ways. The constituency-delimiting commission, which in October defined the boundaries for the coming elections, has fully extended the thirty per cent advantage of the country voter over the city voter; it is in the country where the bulk of Nationalist support lies. Colored voters, who were once able to vote in forty-four different constituencies on a common roll with the whites, are now confined to a racial-bloc vote for four Colored representatives, who must all be white; the Africans have three (white) Native representatives; and the Indians have none at all. And for good measure, the government has kept nearly all the more respected nonwhite leaders cooped up for the last year in this city along with some enthusiastic amateur white leftists, facing a charge of plotting pro-Communist treason. (Charges against sixty-one of the defendants were dropped the week before Christmas, but ninety-five others are still charged with treason.)

But still the government does not feel secure, even from backsliding among its own followers. Each month new developments crop up in the mania for compulsory division and the protection of whites from the touch or competition of other colors. To the prohibition of mixed marriages and fornication, and the decreed separation of the races on streetcars, commuter trains, beaches, post offices, suburbs, and blood banks, the Nationalists have lately added a proclamation against mixed restaurants and movie theaters. A beginning has also been made at dividing up among the races the country's 800,000 jobs in sixteen thousand factories. The first "job reservation" hands over to the

whites first choice of jobs in practically the whole of the clothing industry, eighty per cent of whose present workers are Colored.

Signs of a Breakup?

The gnawing anxiety to drive divisions deeper everywhere has already begun to disquiet some of the more sober minds in the government. Even pro-government industrialists have advised delay with the reservation of jobs for whites in the clothing industry, and Nationalist educators have procured an indefinite suspension of the act passed earlier in 1957 that would have prevented nonwhite students from attending mixed universities. In wider spheres the government policy of sending white Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking children to separate schools has brought into open rebellion a small group of Nationalist parents in the Transvaal.

There has even been a sign at cabinet level of some slight buckling in the government's position. Minister of External Affairs Eric Louw, one of the shrewdest members of the cabinet, has arranged with Ghana to send a Negro ambassador to South Africa. The local Nationalist press thought uneasily of the ludicrous situation in which an African diplomat would be seen mixing everywhere with whites, while South Africa's own many highly educated black men remained, socially, out of sight. One writer even suggested tentatively that perhaps the taboos might be lifted on social mixing among the higher castes of the races in various specified places—a certain liberty of acquaintance by permit and within limits.

THESE ARE only temporizings at a high level to calm the fears of more sophisticated supporters. Beneath that, racial pressures are being applied relentlessly and classic signs of deep social disturbance are everywhere in evidence. The violence rate is now second only to that of the United States; armed holdups have become so frequent that the government is threatening to impose the death penalty. South Africa has one of the highest divorce rates in the world and probably sets a record for alcoholism. More Africans in the cities are born out of wedlock than in, and the juvenile-delinquency problem among African youth has grown to monstrous proportions. Factional fights between tribes in the cities and in the reservations are frequent and bloody—the latest between the Zulus and Basutos in Johannesburg resulted in forty dead.

Opposition spokesmen say that all this is the result of the Nationalist application of apartheid, as the government calls its policy of race separation. Nationalists retort that these things have come about because an irresponsible press and opposition is frustrating their attempts to apply apartheid firmly.

A note of desperation is now entering into Nationalist appeals for apartheid. One cabinet minister went so far as to call upon all Afrikaners to become *"bitter-einders."* A promi-

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nent educator told a gathering of Afrikaner children to be prepared to fight three giants who wanted to rub out their nation: the Red Giant of Communism, the Black Giant of African nationalism, and the Pink Giant of western liberalism. The Afrikaners must close their ranks, outface a hostile world, and stifle all feeble misgivings.

A Tough Little People

The Afrikaners are used to being alone against a hostile world. They became self-reliant in the two centuries they lived remote from Europe on the edge of the African wilderness. At the turn of the century, after much international encouragement, they shot it out with the British Empire in a gallant but unsuccessful struggle to maintain the independence of their two little hinterland republics. Out of that heroic war they still retain a romantic belief in their toughness. An Afrikaner businessman recently remarked to a visiting American sociologist: "The Jews and the Afrikaners are the two toughest little peoples in the world." Rather than see the Reds or the blacks in charge of the country, many proclaim privately that they would see South Africa go up in flames.

The Afrikaners owe their present position of lonely command on the prow of Africa to a birth rate double that of the English-speaking group, and to the long-term planning of a secret society, the Broederbond, or Band of Brothers. These Big Brothers set out to lift the Afrikaner out of the social and economic mire of military defeat and to restore his original republican form of government. As their efforts met with success and as the possibilities of great Afrikaner wealth and political power became clearer, the plan expanded. Today it is to secure perpetual political, social, and economic dominance by the increasingly wealthy Nationalist Afrikaners in a South African republic.

This is to be achieved by the familiar technique of "divide and rule"—or to give it its new name, apartheid. Apartheid is defended as being morally as impeccable as the partition of India, the placing of American Indians on reservations, or the existence of a score of different states in Europe. The people of South Africa, drawn together by the sinews of a seemingly unshakable industrial economy based on the mining of diamonds, gold, and uranium, live in every past from the Stone Age to that of Pax Britannica. By playing all these groups and antagonisms off against one another, apartheid provides a neat formula that could keep the Nationalists in power forever. Or at least this is the way the bulk of Nationalist politicians see it.

There are, of course, some moderates among believers in apartheid. A committee of ethnic and economic experts under Professor F. R. Tomlinson labored for years to work out just how apartheid could be achieved with some show of justice and democracy. Their report (in seventeen volumes) showed that it would require $300 million for a start, and not a very big start at that. The embarrassed Nationalists shelved the report as quickly as they could, although the government printer continues to sell numbers of copies.

Still Fighting the Boer War

There are also many able Afrikaner churchmen and educators gathered together in the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs, or S.A.B.R.A., who accept the fundamental unity and equality of man, but believe racial prejudice to be so strong that South Africans can only develop to full stature as men in their own racial areas. They want to see the Nationalists push ahead with true social and territorial separation of the races rather than simply making vote-catching gestures in that direction. Already S.A.B.R.A. men are beginning to distinguish between government apartheid and their own policy of "race separation."

Despite these moderates, the excesses of apartheid continue, with no more than token physical separation between the races of a few miles or yards or inches. Two men above all others are responsible for the energetic action on apartheid. One is an ostrich farmer turned lawyer; the other is a psychology lecturer turned editor. They are, respectively, Johannes G. Strijdom, the prime minister, and Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, the minister of native affairs. Both are reported to belong to the Broederbond, and both are men in a hurry.

In their present division of labors it is Strijdom's main job to unite the Afrikaners and put the British minority in its place. He is a short, wiry man with a brooding, dark-stubbled face and pale-blue eyes. In private a courteous and likable person, he is in public a demagogue of power and passion, the roaring embodiment of the Afrikaner fighting spirit. It is he who most effectively frightens would-be objectors within the party with the awful possibility of becoming "destroyers of Afrikaner unity." So powerful has the fear of this charge become that many Afrikaners feel themselves obliged to connive in policies that they disapprove of not only on moral grounds but because they will ultimately make it more difficult for the Afrikaners to maintain their identity.

It probably suits Strijdom's convictions, as much as it does his ambition to be first president of the new republic, that he should last year have dealt so harshly with the sentimental ties of the British section with England. He was most brutally quick to accept the proposal of a renegade politician of British descent to drop the Union Jack as the country's second official flag. In rapid succession he has ordered the removal of the queen's name from legislation and discontinuance of "God Save the Queen" as a second anthem. These steps may have been taken to prepare the English for a republic in 1958. On the other hand, they may simply be intended to make the coming election seem like fighting the Boer War all over again.

Some of the English have reacted typically to the prime minister's onslaughts. Small paper Union Jacks have been dropped like confetti on the prime minister's head at a public meeting, and English town councilors have taken decisions to fly the Union Jack on any occasion and to sing "God Save the Queen" nonstop. But the majority of the English have grown wary of such flagrantly emotional reactions. Their political leaders are men who distrust large exhibitions of emotion, especially the lawyer and scientific farmer Sir

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de Villiers Graaff and the hard-headed industrialist and financier Harry Oppenheimer. Besides, their main allies are Afrikaners who have sickened of Afrikaner jingoism and could be equally disillusioned by a recrudescence of the English variety.

Furthermore, the English have much more sober calculations to make about the effects of the huge racial prejudices now being stirred up by the Nationalists. Still in control of the biggest sector of the country's economy, the English-speaking South Africans have been the first to feel the world-wide unpopularity of apartheid. For them the advantage has always lain in the continuing rapid expansion of the country's economy, for which South Africa requires foreign investment at the rate of $300 million a year. This need continues in spite of a doubling in the national income within a decade. But foreign investment has dwindled away to practically nothing; in fact, it has become a financial leak.

Sojourners in Their Native Land

Aside from the acute need for capital, the South African economy has serious labor troubles. The chief disturber of African labor is Dr. Verwoerd. A big, untidily built man, he is known to the opposition as the Apostle of Apartheid, and indeed there is something mystical about his utterances. For instance, when he defends accepting the permanent presence of other races in "white areas" without giving their members individual rights, he says, "Races are permanent, but individuals are temporary." He is a restlessly energetic administrator and a relentless speaker, always busy explaining that some day the blacks will become full citizens in their own areas and race friction will end. When it is put to him that since the creation of apartheid, black workers in would-be "white areas" have increased in number by more than ten per cent, he replies, "It's got to get more before it gets less."

He has managed to convert all the African mine, factory, commercial, domestic, and farm workers into "temporary sojourners." It doesn't matter if they have been away from the tribal reservations for two or three generations; until they return to their ancestral homes they are to be regarded as mere travelers, without political or landed property rights. In the meantime they are to be given, at best, neat little dollhouses as far from the white city dwellers as possible and to receive such basic literacy as will best fit them for their role in apartheid. Above all, they are to be guarded from social contacts with whites, especially with English-speaking liberals and churchmen.

This policy of reducing to the minimum all contacts between Africans and the English-speaking liberals and churches caused the nearest thing to a rebellion against the government that has happened yet. When Dr. Verwoerd proposed that blacks and whites should not attend church together in certain white areas, the Anglican bishops were united in stating flatly that this was against God's law and they would not obey. The Dutch Reformed Church, whose membership is mainly Afrikaner, got the government to allow nonwhites to continue attending white churches if they "did not make a nuisance of themselves." But none of the English-speaking churches have accepted even the watered-down version.

This was soon followed by a bill to stop nonwhite students from attending the mixed and liberal English-speaking universities of Cape Town and Witwatersrand. There

were to be three "tribal" universities, whose staffs would not be allowed to criticize apartheid or the government. An uproar followed. Students picketed parliament, while behind the scenes a number of S.A.B.R.A. professors expressed their dissatisfaction. Later one of them came out publicly against tampering with university autonomy. The act was passed, but suspended.

The economic pressure of an African boycott in Johannesburg may have helped to stir doubts among the leaders of the Dutch Reformed Church and S.A.B.R.A. Early in 1957, a Johannesburg bus company serving an African suburb announced it was going to raise its fares a penny a ride. Black workers retorted that this had been made necessary by Dr. Verwoerd's activities and declared: "We are not going to pay for apartheid." So forty thousand of them walked, cycled, taxied, and roller-skated the twenty miles back and forth to work each day for three months.

The minister of transport, following Dr. Verwoerd's long-established methods, refused to negotiate with the accepted African leaders or the strikers. He called upon employers to fire all those who came late to work. This was to be a showdown between black and white, he said. Hardly anyone paid any attention to him. More and more whites went out in cars to give rides to the boycotters, despite police interference. The boycott went on and on, until the members of the Johannesburg Chambers of Commerce could no longer endure the disruption of their businesses. Finally the businessmen offered to pay the extra penny for all bus riders themselves. Leftist elements struggled to have this offer rejected, but in the end it was accepted. The average black citizens of Johannesburg, like the average white citizens, did not want a showdown. There was that much accord between them.

Vistas and Voices

But the Africans had learned an exhilarating lesson. Although their foremost leaders had been charged with treason, the boycott had been conducted with almost impeccable discipline. New vistas of effective protest opened out before them. They could withdraw their labor and make use of their economic strength: their combined purchasing power comes to more than a billion dollars a year. Orders soon went out that Africans were not to buy goods made by Nationalist firms. This was followed by a one-day general strike here that was astonishingly successful.

Suddenly a voice was heard from the inner sanctum of Nationalism itself, calling for a new reconcili-

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ation between Afrikaner and African. It came from Professor L. J. Du Plessis, of Potchefstroom University, of S.A.B.R.A., and of the Broederbond. A segregationist but also a realist, Du Plessis declared: "When Afrikaner leaders rebelled, they were heroes. When Bantu [African] leaders do so we call them Communists and agitators. . . . The time has come to negotiate with the true leaders of the Bantu and obtain their co-operation. . . ."

These words must have had an ominous ring for Dr. Verwoerd, who has for so many years refused to negotiate with "the true leaders of the Bantu." ("What's the use," asks Dr. Verwoerd, "of consulting people who don't agree with your policy?") He would have had no difficulty in realizing that behind Professor Du Plessis' words was the thinking of the educators and churchmen of S.A.B.R.A.

The concept that apartheid can only be achieved by consulting with Africans on a man-to-man basis is a revolutionary one. The accepted plan has always been to do it by shouting orders, pouring out propaganda, and presenting *faits accomplis*. The new idea, that the Afrikaners are dealing with equal human beings capable of knowing ideals, feeling insult, and possessing dignity, could by itself bring vast changes in the Union's race relations. The main question is whether the present set of ministers have any inclination to consult the "true leaders of the Bantu." Racial pride and racial prejudice seem to be the campaign platform of the Nationalists, and even the small voice of S.A.B.R.A. will fall silent before the political expediency of maintaining "Afrikaner unity."

AFTER THE ELECTIONS, the doubts and misgivings among the thinking Nationalists will perhaps be heard again, but by then it may be too late.

The final contacts, the last thin threads of trust between black and white, African and Afrikaner, may be broken irreparably. This may be what the present majority in the Nationalist cabinet wants. If so, it is almost certain to produce an underground war of attrition that could mean ruin for all.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

A Battle Behind the Lines

SAUNDERS REDDING

THE GERMANS were in the blasted woods. The trees were mostly naked of branches, and the trunks of the trees were barked and splintered, and the floor of the woods was knee-high in the debris from the trees. A road divided the woods. It was a dirt road, pocked with small craters, and though it had once had real military value, it had little now. Indeed, when the main striking force of the U.S. Third Army had driven north in February and early March, this road had not been used. It simply went north to Wessel, a town that elements of the 17th Airborne had dropped on from the sky and taken, and the town where K Company of the 349th Infantry Regiment was headed on March 24, 1945, when it was stopped by the Germans who held the woods. K Company was scheduled to be re-equipped in Wessel and trucked from there to join the regiment farther north.

There should have been no battle. It was an accident, and it had no bearing on the big pattern of the war. The real fighting was going on way north of Wessel, and Wessel itself was four miles from the woods. With a small exception, this was Allied territory for thirty miles around.

The exception was the woods, and the Germans had no business in it, and no one either then or afterwards had any clear idea of why they were in it, or what some of them were doing dressed in American uniforms, or why it should be that of the eighteen who were finally captured at least a half dozen spoke English with no trace of accent. Undoubtedly they were saboteurs who had been dropped behind the lines. But why in that place? What was there to sabotage?

K Company, commanded by a major so recently promoted that he still wore a captain's bars, consisted of three platoons. It came down the road at about ten o'clock in the morning. The weather was unusually fine for the time of year, and the men were relaxed, tramping along in lines of four and at an unsoldierly eighty-five paces a minute—there was no hurry—and taking a civilianlike care to avoid the muddy holes in the road. K was one of those companies recently reorganized on the new integrated basis, and had a platoon of Negroes mixed in with two platoons of whites. Most of the Negroes had been service of supply troops—ordnance men, truckers, engineers, and signalers—eight weeks before, but when the new policy was handed down, they had been among the many thousands of Negroes who had applied for transfer to combat. So many had applied that to have taken all of them would have disrupted the vital functions of supply, and the number finally accepted was three thousand. These were some of them. They were as proud as they could be, but they felt they were on trial, and they could not wait to join the regiment and get into combat.

What Kind of Men?

The last lines of the company had passed two or three hundred yards into the shade cast on the road by the woods when one of the Negro G.I.s said to the sergeant walking beside him, "I seen something move in them woods," and pointed to the left. The sergeant was not impressed. "I tell you, Sarge, I seen something move." "O.K.," the sergeant said, "you got my permission to go see."

The men who heard this exchange laughed, and all the nearest men

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slowed down and watched the soldier who had seen something move cross the road, jump the ditch, and scramble up the steep bank on the other side. A shot whanged out. The soldier tumbled forward and out of sight. Before the men in the road could recover from their surprise, machine-gun and rifle fire came pouring out of the woods on both sides. Some men broke back along the road clear of the woods, but most hit and hugged the ground. The sergeant shouted, "God damn, there *is* something in them woods! Men with guns!" The steel kept zinging back and forth over their heads and into the trees. Up forward, the major, prone with the rest, raised himself to a low crouch and looked around.

There were three things they could do. They could make a dash for the clear road more than a tenth of a mile ahead; they could make a dash for the clear road several hundred yards behind; they could stay where they were until darkness came.

There was another alternative which the major refused to consider, for the last thing he wanted was a fight. The heaviest weapons his men had were Browning automatic rifles, and there were only eight of them. The stuff that was coming at them—harmlessly enough so long as they stayed down—seemed no heavier, but there was no way of knowing how many of the enemy there were to send it. Also, the Negroes were a question. They were new to his command. He had never seen them in combat, and though he considered himself a man without prejudice, the major half believed what he had heard. He just didn't know what kind of soldiers they would make. He just didn't know what kind of *men* they were.

CROUCHING, the major looked up and down the road. The men had hurled themselves down just as they were, in lines of four, but now they were separating, crawling on their bellies, some toward the ditch on one side and some toward the ditch on the other side of the road. No one was in panic. The men crawled a few feet and then lay quietly awhile and crawled again, cursing the unseen enemy in the woods and waiting for the major to make up his mind.

But it was not entirely up to the major how the situation was to be met. Even as he tried to estimate it, the men became targets for a new, more intense burst of fire. Some of the enemy on the left had made their way to the embankment and, protected behind it, were firing down on the road. The Americans returned the fire blindly. The most they hoped was to prevent the Germans getting pot shots at them. The major shouted, "Watch the right too! Watch the right!" Some of the men swung round on their bellies and watched the right.

Meanwhile a lieutenant, who with about a dozen men had sprinted clear of the woods with the first burst of fire, had an idea. He told

the men who were with him about it, and then he sent a soldier forward to tell the major. The lieutenant and his men would leave the road, skirt the woods on the right for a likely distance, and then go into the woods to see what they could see.

When the major sent back word to try it, the lieutenant ordered his men to fix bayonets, and they went into the field at the edge of the woods, which, bending sharply outward here, stretched for a quarter of a mile. At three or four hundred yards, pausing to get some sense of the enemy's location by the sound of his fire, they ventured in. Underbrush and debris made the going difficult. The men spread out, but kept each other in sight among the trees, and went as quietly as they could. They must have effected a measure of surprise, for well back from the road they came upon five Germans huddled over a spring in a small clearing. Apparently they had left their weapons up on the line. They surrendered at once. One of the Negroes in the lieutenant's command shouted jubilantly, "We got us some Krauts!" That was the end of surprise. Germans could be heard crashing toward them from the direction of the road. The Americans had to fight a retreat through the trees. One of the prisoners escaped.

Stalemate in the Ditches

When they got back to the road, an American lay dead in the road and the others were fighting from the ditches. A few grenades on either side would have made a great difference. The men in the ditch on the right were firing over the heads of their own men in the ditch on the left, and vice versa, and each of these lines had its backs to the Germans who were firing on them. As a military matter, the situation was completely ridiculous. The stalemate was so thorough that the major could leave the ditch without great risk and go down the road to the edge of the woods to question the scouting party.

It did not occur to him to question the prisoners. He himself did not speak German. Schooled as he was in the ordinary ways of his National Guard, insurance-broker background, it didn't cross his mind that an ordinary German might speak English. That he did question the prisoners was an accident of his emotions. When he got from the lieutenant nothing as to the number and disposition of the enemy, or more valuable than the bare report of the skirmish in the woods, the major looked at the prisoners and remarked with evident annoyance, "Well, it's a sure thing these S.O.B.s won't escape."

The reaction was immediate. Two of the prisoners, not understanding and perhaps thinking themselves addressed, stiffened; the third drew his elbows in and spread his hands; and the fourth, grinning, said, "But captain, we do not wish to escape." His English was perfect.

The major stared at him, and at all of them, really seeing them for the first time. They were not the "syphilitic old bastards" from the bottom of the barrel the Germans were supposed to be using now. They were younger than he, and he had just turned thirty. Suddenly he saw them as persons, and a feeling of human comradeship might have

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stirred in the major under other circumstances. He was that kind of man. But the man was submerged in the soldier, and the soldier was intent on his military problem. The major's youthful face grew rigid with responsibility. He questioned the English-speaking prisoner closely.

How many Germans were in the woods? A handful on one side, fewer on the other. What did he call a handful? Perhaps twenty-five or thirty on the left, not so many on the right—that morning some had been sent out to reconnoitre for a route to rejoin other German forces. Didn't they know there were no other German forces within fifty miles? A shrug. Well, what weapons did they have there in the woods? Rifles and perhaps five machine guns and two mortars. The mortars and three of the machine guns were on the left. Since they were badly outnumbered, would they surrender? Those on the right probably, but those on the left—no; they were SS; they were Nazi.

"You're not Nazi?"

The spokesman prisoner looked at the hand-spreading prisoner, and they both grinned.

On the basis of this information, the major decided to try to clear the woods. The word was passed along. Both sides of the woods would have to be cleared simultaneously, and the major meant to drive in front and rear. He divided and disposed his men for this purpose. A fourth of them were sent across the open field along the edge of the woods on the right, and an equal number skirted the woods on the left. At a given signal they were to go in with the object of getting behind the enemy. The rest of the men, facing the Germans from the road, were to go in after the enemy was engaged in the woods.

It sounded like a cinch, but it wasn't. There could be no secrecy in the preparations, and what the Germans could not see happening they could make intelligent guesses about. When the attack came they were ready—especially those on the left. The Americans had to come to them. They had to tunnel through underbrush, climb over fallen trees. The shouts they raised as they went in, like Arkansas farmers on a rat hunt, soon turned to curses of rage and frustration. They lost contact with one another, and it was every man for himself. Machine-gun and rifle fire streaked through the trees; mortar bursts sent debris flying. There may have been only twenty-five or thirty of the enemy, but it seemed at least a hundred—and all hidden, all firing without showing themselves. It was like fighting in the dark passages of an abandoned mine filled with rotting timbers and hung with the webs of monstrous steel-spinning spiders, and exploding on all sides with charges of powder. The woods pinged and hammered and roared.

Silence and the Man on the Road

The men on the right finished first, stumbled out to the road with eleven prisoners, collected themselves, and rushed in on the left. Coming to the rear of a mortar and some riflemen spread out in the underbrush before it, they killed several of the enemy and took two prisoners.

It ended quickly after that. The firing diminished to single shots, then to silence. The men who were scattered all through the woods now began to shout, somewhat tremulously, to find one another. Gradually the shouts converged, and finally 137 Americans came out of the woods almost together.

They brought four prisoners with them, but they were too dazed to remark that the prisoners wore American battle jackets and helmets. Including the soldier who had seen something move and one who had got it on the road, eleven of the company had been killed, but no one mentioned the fact; no one asked questions. They looked a mess. They were incredibly ragged and grimed and smudged with dirt. Their emotions were in a state too. They were too stupefied from the shock of the crazy battle to do anything but stand there in the road and stare about with glazed eyes. They didn't seem to know what to do with themselves, or with the prisoners, or with the dead man who lay sprawled on the road. They seemed to be waiting for something to happen, and nothing happened for a long time.

Then, suddenly, a Negro soldier doubled over and stumbled drunkenly in the middle of the road in a paroxysm of laughter. He tried to smother it, but every time he got it under control, his eyes would light instantly on someone's face and he was off again. In slowly gathering wonderment the men looked at him. The major was the first to recover. He took the soldier by the arm and shook him. "What are you laughing at, soldier? Hold it now," the major said. "Hold it, soldier," he repeated more sternly as the man looked at him and broke out again.

"You too, major," the Negro said, tears streaming. "Major, sir," he said, his voice beginning to whoop again, "I swear to God an' hope to die if you can tell which of them Joes is white and which is colored. Look at 'em, major. I swear to God . . ."

Grinning sheepishly, the men looked at each other, and some began to laugh. The major laughed, the men laughed, and even some of the prisoners laughed. The road rang with the sound of it rising, rippling and gathering to a hilarious roar. When it had spent itself, the major, frowning, said, "O.K., O.K., soldiers. We've still got work to do. The war's not over yet."

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Records: A Critic's Postscript to 1957

ROLAND GELATT

About three or four weeks before Christmas, the flood of new releases from record companies suddenly stops, and for a month or so the industry rests on its laurels. Nobody appreciates this more than the harassed reviewer. This is the moment for him to look back at the year's stockpile, sort out impressions, and listen again to some favorites just for fun.

Ballet music was particularly well served by the record makers in 1957. At the top of the batch I would put the complete recording by l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande under Ernest Ansermet of Delibes' *Coppélia,* a ballet first produced at the Paris Opéra on May 25, 1870, during the final uneasy spring of the Second Empire, which epitomizes superbly the elegance and panache of an era about to crumble on the battlefield of Sedan. A short suite of music from *Coppélia* has been recorded often before, but this is the first appearance of the entire ballet score on records, and it is a revelation of utterly bewitching melodic freshness and masterful orchestration. Hearing it *in toto* one can fully appreciate why Tchaikovsky rated Delibes so highly, and why this scintillating music could move M. Ansermet to remark, "These were the happiest moments I have thus far spent in a recording studio." As a long-time ballet conductor (his career began with Diaghilev), Ansermet knows how to infect such music with a gentle insinuation of stage movement, and the engineers have aided him with splendid recording (London LL 1717/18).

Two other former Diaghilev conductors added to the year's rich store of ballet music. One of them, Sir Thomas Beecham, is responsible for a reading of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* (with the Royal Philharmonic, Columbia ML 5171) that allows one the illusion of hearing the music for the first time. Beecham, of course, is an old hand at scrubbing the dull film of routine from well-worn music, but his scrupulous phrasing and his seldom-erring in-

stinct for the right tempo have never been more evident than in this enchanting performance.

The other Diaghilev veteran is Pierre Monteux, who presided over the première of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in 1913 and has been its most stirring interpreter ever since. His fourth recording of *Le Sacre* was issued in 1957 (with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, RCA Victor LM 2085), and it is the best of them all in that it captures most effectively the shattering yawp of Stravinsky's huge orchestra.

Stravinsky of a different epoch and style was represented by *Perséphone,* a work for reciter, tenor, chorus, and orchestra, first performed in 1934 and first recorded last year under the composer's direction (Columbia ML 5196). Paul Valéry, with his genius for finding the *mot juste,* summed up the essential quality of this music when he referred to its "divine detachment." It is a glacial, severe, uncomprisingly neoclassical piece, but withal extremely moving, and it will be reckoned, I am sure, among Stravinsky's grandest achievements.

The year yielded two wonderful Beethoven records: a reissue of Toscanini's incredible 1936 performance —at once songful and Dionysiac—of the Seventh Symphony, well transferred to LP (with the New York Philharmonic, RCA Camden CAL 352); and Otto Klemperer's craggy, powerful, dedicated performance of the *Eroica* (with the Philharmonia Orchestra, Angel 35328). It yielded, also, a memento of the late Dennis Brain, whose recording of the two Richard Strauss Horn Concertos (Angel 35496) came out just after the thirty-six-year-old instrumentalist's death in an auto crash. Brain played the usually intractable French horn with dazzling, lighthearted virtuosity, and he was in peak form for these two Strauss concertos, separated in time by sixty years, one permeated with the ebullience of youth, the other with the serene twinkle of old age.

Something New, Something Old

Among the year's piano discs, the one that I remember with most affection is a collection of Schumann pieces—the *Waldscenen* and six of

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the *Fantasiestücke*—played by Sviatoslav Richter, a Russian musician in his early forties who would seem to have more Romantic poetry in his fingers than any pianist this side of the Cortot-Rubinstein generation. One greatly hopes that the Soviets will allow Richter to give concerts in western Europe and the United States. Meanwhile we must content ourselves with this tantalizing disc, well recorded in Prague by German engineers (Decca DL 9921). Another excellent collection brings together thirty-one of Grieg's *Lyric Pieces* on two LPs performed by Walter Gieseking and issued posthumously last fall (Angel 35450/51). The endless varieties of tone that Gieseking could bring from the piano were put to beautiful use in these miniatures.

For me, the operatic issues of 1957 were dominated by a recording of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier,* conducted by Herbert von Karajan and sung by as good a cast as can be assembled today for this demanding score (Angel 3560). Elisabeth Schwarzkopf performs the central role of the Marschallin, and I can pay her portrayal no higher compliment than to mention it in the same breath as the classic one by Lotte Lehmann. Her failings, such as they are, belong to the realm of intangibles. Schwarzkopf's conception of the part is perhaps a bit artificial, a bit intellectualized. Lehmann's seemed to be more relaxed, more natural, more closely attuned to the note of aristocratic extravagance evoked in Hofmannsthal's libretto. And why not? When Lehmann first sang in Vienna, a Hapsburg still sat on the throne. For Schwarzkopf the Austrian Empire is not even a memory. But the Lehmann recording is old and severely cut, while the Schwarzkopf is new and complete. Quibbles aside, it is a first-rate achievement all round, one that is certain to make any true *Rosenkavalier* lover misty-eyed with appreciative joy.

THIS LIST should by no means be construed "the best recordings of 1957." Consider it merely an account of some very personal enthusiasms and an attempt to render somewhat tardy justice to a few deserving productions that escaped mention in these pages during the course of the past year.

A Nomination For the Year's Worst Movie

NORA SAYRE

WHEN Warner Brothers subtitles *The Story of Mankind* "From Adam to Atom," we expect satire. But no, that first joke is the last. Knee-deep in smog, highlighted by handy stars, Ronald Colman pleads his case before the Court of Heaven. As the Spirit of Mankind, he wears powder-gray flannel. It seems that the human race has designed an H-bomb: the world may be blown up at any minute. So some unidentified angels have assembled to decide if humanity is worth saving. Defending us with heavy confidence, Mr. Colman dredges history for nuggets of nobility and intellectual virtue. And here starts a dazzling pageant of good deeds throughout the ages. Behold Charles Coburn's Hippocrates, advising the young Greek matron beside her husband's sickbed.

"Doctor, what shall I do?"

"Take this poor piece of suffering humanity up into the hills. And give him milk and honey."

There are some radiant moments when Hedy Lamarr takes the stake as Joan of Arc, when Shakespeare, played by Reginald Gardiner, sways up to Queen Elizabeth's throne, occupied by Agnes Moorehead, to cheer her through a brief fit of political defeatism. The Bard lifts Elizabeth's morale with a selection of readings from his own works. Mr. Colman beams as one benevolent deed succeeds another.

BUT MR. COLMAN has an Adversary. It is the Devil, a red waistcoatful of Vincent Price. He too summons historical flashbacks, but to show that men have always been corrupt. Look who broke the Ten Commandments. Look at Nero (Peter Lorre). Look at the way Sir Walter Raleigh (Edward Everett Horton) was treated: his pipe was put out and his head cut off. "What sort of a world is this which rewards discovery with a beer bath and a beheading?" Watch Groucho Marx in knee breeches, cheating the Indians out of Manhattan. And hear Napoleon, a villain who boasts at the hour of triumph: "Lack of perception isn't one of my failings." Don't forget Hitler. Remember Pearl Harbor.

With such black sins on record, humanity is hell-bound. So Mr. Price assures the heavenly hosts. As the Devil, he takes credit for the A-bomb. So that inevitable mushroom cloud wells up again, awesomely photographed in orange.

In conclusion, the whole celestial court turns to scowl accusingly at the audience. Should the race be saved from self-destruction? And have you done *your* bit? And you and you?

WITHOUT DOUBT, this is one of the worst films ever made. In fact, it's enjoyably abysmal. But haven't Hollywood's moralists gone mad at last? We've always had moral sauce poured over meaty stories. Recently we've seen that unloved children are prone to violent death (*Rebel Without a Cause*), that Southerners rot if they lag behind the times (*Baby Doll*), that money can make people nasty (*Giant*), that sadism shouldn't always pay (*The Strange One*). But in *The Story of Mankind* all of history is diced up in bite-size bits of good and bad. Plus an alkaline dose of sales talk: chin up, stomach in, keep the faith, and share the burden.

The grimmest question in history, survival with the atom, serves as an excuse to get Moses up on the mountain again, to recast Hedy Lamarr, to see Marie (Wilson) Antoinette's cleavage, to let Vincent Price play a villain—in short, to drag out all the old scenes, sets, props, beards, and bosoms. This is the final insult.

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The Iconoclast In the Night Club

NAT HENTOFF

DURING ONE of his recent precipitously nonstop night-club monologues, Mort Sahl told of a patron who had accosted him to declare, "I agree with what you say, but not with your right to say it—in a place like this."

Sahl has become armored if not resigned to this sort of comment about the propriety of his line of humor. Sahl's difficulties are caused by the fact that he is the only night-club and television monologuist who builds almost all of his act on slashingly satirical references to highly topical political events and personages. Perhaps his most widely quoted line, now being claimed for themselves by an increasing number of his admirers, was his remark about Governor Faubus of Arkansas: "I like him, but I wouldn't want him to marry my sister."

In the course of a local New York television interview a few weeks ago, Sahl noted that the President had come out strongly against slavery "except for certain remote areas when farm labor isn't available."

In November, while performing at the Village Vanguard in Greenwich Village, where one week he broke the club's twenty-two-year-old attendance record, Sahl noted with concern that Earl Warren is still receiving threatening phone calls in the middle of the night as the result of the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. "They're from the chairman of the Republican National Committee," Sahl explained, "who keeps telling Warren, 'Look, it's only a job. Don't build an empire!'" ("You know something about his punch lines?" whispered a somber jazz musician who was appearing on the same bill. "Not a word of them is factual but they're all true.")

A magazine or newspaper is Sahl's only prop. He often works in a sweater, and tie is optional. In an early stage of his combative career, one Chicago club owner tried to pressure him into trading his red sweater for a jacket. ("He really wanted to censor the material.") Sahl also had censorship problems at the beginning with a California impresario ("He told me he'd been in the attractions business for twelve years, so he knew what would and wouldn't go. His saying he's in the attractions business is like a slaveowner saying he's in personnel.") Another night-club employer with the reputation of being a liberal had cautioned Sahl early that "People are going to say you're a Communist." ("So he was going to set a precedent by being the first one. Censorship doesn't always come from the Right.")

He has been under contract to both CBS and NBC, but neither

would risk a series on him. NBC signed him for a year at a guarantee of $25,000 but used him only a few times. Although assigned for an appearance on the Perry Como hour last January and one on the Gisele MacKenzie show, Sahl never got past the rehearsals of either program. "They're afraid," says Sahl, who is not fond of television and advertising executives, "and unfocused fear is insane. I told one guy at an agency, 'You can't be afraid of *everything*.' 'But we are,' he said. It goes beneath that, though. These guys are part of the American tradition of the parasite. They appoint themselves the arbiter between the performer and the audience. Parasites are impotent; and so, characteristically, they declare that potency in television is impossible. And the artists go along with them."

There is a possibility, however, that Sahl will soon work out a television series with the Program Service Network of Pat Weaver, the former president of NBC.

Meanwhile, Sahl enjoys the night-club circuit, and he is particularly proud of the number of political, literary, and theatrical celebrities who have been attracted by the uniqueness of his satirical talents in an age that tends to take itself very seriously. Among those who have been drawn to Sahl's performances are Hubert Humphrey, Saul Bellow, Chester Bowles, Adlai Stevenson, and Dr. William Menninger. ("In Hollywood, several movie people sent their psychiatrists to see me. They wanted to know why I was able to express my hostilities and theirs were all bottled up.")

The Comedian and His Craft

Marlene Dietrich, another of Sahl's fans, has told him about his counterparts in the night life of Paris, Munich, and other European cities. "I didn't know anything about them," says Sahl, "but so far as I do know, I'm the only political humorist, if that's the term, in night clubs or on TV in this country. Some people have said that I'm in the Will Rogers tradition, but I've read all he's written—like the 1931 book, *Sanity Is Where You Find It*—and there's a strong grain of anti-Semitism and Jim Crow there. Fred Allen would do topical jokes, but they were without a consistent point of view and were often without taste. Bob Hope also works in some political material, but his is the Lindy's attitude. It's like you're aware of Sputnik and you're also aware Eddie married Debbie, but that's all. You're aware of being aware but have no viewpoint on Sputnik in the context of our foreign relations, defense policy, and the like. There's really no one in my field to talk to, no gods to look toward, no stimulus from competition."

Sahl, like most comedians in or out of Lindy's Restaurant, is very much in earnest about his craft. A fair amount of his material is improvised on each show, although there are set one-liners and frame-

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works for larger story blocks that remain in his repertory until he is no longer intrigued by them. In view of the topicality of much of his material, a substantial part of his act retires itself quickly in any case.

After a night's performance, Sahl reads newspapers and magazines until five or six in the morning, and most of his material begins with his reactions to what he reads. A passionate and knowledgeable interest in jazz leads him to talk of the development of his act in musical terms. "What I do is improvise within a theme, and if the audience doesn't laugh, it's like playing *a cappella*. They cue me and provide my accompaniment. I often wander away from the theme and sometimes violate the chord structure, but I usually come back and resolve it—and always I try to keep a beat."

Sahl usually begins a set with staccato shafts at targets from the night's or the week's news. All groups from Left, Center, and Right are likely targets, although his basic outlook is that of a critical and somewhat restless supporter of the Democratic Party. His criticism can be rough, as when he admonished parents in the audience to tell their children themselves about Roy Cohn, "so the kids won't have to learn about him in the streets." He can also stimulate a stray conventioneer who may wander in during his act to wire George Sokolsky. ("It turns out we had the satellite plans first, but the Rosenbergs stole them from us in 1947, which points up the need for carbon paper in our government offices"; or "West Point has been accused by one senator of radicalism and he may have something, because I've heard they often go back to the barracks and sing folk songs.")

THE YOUNG INTELLECTUALS who make up a significant part of his audience are by no means immune. He tells the story, not original with him, of Hitler having been found in Greenwich Village by some visiting Princetonians of an enlightened cast. "He's painting now and wants to be judged solely on the basis of his art." But Sahl then gives the story his own hipster's knot: "I don't want you to think those college people were impressed with him just because he was Hitler. It was more the fact that he's from Europe." And he tells of the folk singers with shirts down to their navels. ("One doesn't have a navel, the ultimate rejection of mother.") There is also a swift portrait of an actor who feels New York is a phony town and Hollywood a cultural desert, but who had to leave his home town in Ohio because he was suffocating there. "He was happy on the train, though."

The large middle section of his act is usually a wildly improbable adventure, like his elaborate account of an airliner in trouble. At one point in the airliner's passage over New York, one passenger had to be thrown overboard because the plane was too heavy, and the criterion for order of survival was each passenger's contribution to society. "There was an awful fight," Sahl claims, "between a disc jockey and a used-car dealer as to who was going to go first." The climax of the airplane gambit begins with both pilots having been disabled so that the stewardess has to land the plane on instructions from the ground. "You can make it just as well as any of our pilots if you don't panic," the supervisor at the airport assures her. "That's very well," she radios back coolly, "but if I project myself into what is essentially a man's role, won't I have trouble adjusting when I'm back on the ground?"

The act closes with more high-speed thrusts at politicians, at both sports-car and high-fidelity faddists, and, in essence, at anything current. ("The post office, according to Edward R. Murrow, loses three cents every time they handle a copy of *Life*. That's called Federal aid to education.") For punctuation, as it becomes time to close the hour, there is the inevitable, recurring, triumphant taunt, "Are there any groups we haven't offended yet?" His hecklers are infrequent, but he handles them in context. ("It's like the French Parliament tonight—with just as much tenure.")

Up from the Hungry i

At thirty Sahl feels, with apparent justification, that he's only just started. Although he is not likely to return to the field of public administration in which he received a B.S. from the University of Southern California in 1950, he is determined to continue writing, his major obsession. It was a series of scuffling, unanswered years of juggling plays, novels, and song lyrics, of submitting material to comedians who wouldn't even acknowledge him to reject him, that finally propelled him to verbalize in front of an audience. He started at strip joints in Los Angeles (born in Montreal, he grew up in California, and now considers San Francisco his home) and at intermissions of Stan Kenton concerts. He worked his first club, the Hungry i, in San Francisco, starting Christmas, 1953, and remained there the next three years before heading to the Midwest and East.

Sahl has three books in progress—a novel, an analysis of his audience, and a compendium of pivotal news stories of the past year as interpreted by him—as well as the outline of a musical comedy, which he is working on with a collaborator. He points out that it is considerably easier for him to get to see a publisher these days than it used to be. Some of the comics he couldn't get access to during the anonymous years have now asked him to write for them, assignments he savors rejecting.

SAHL regards himself as a proselytizer for active thinking. "I'm an intellectual in this field by default. This is an era of no values, of apathy, even among much of the Left. And when I go out with Dave Brubeck to work before a college group, it's even more appalling to see how cool, how peaceful that generation is now. It's like 'I want to change the world if I can get Dad's permission in June to use the station wagon.'"

Perhaps the most cogent summary of Sahl's function in contemporary domestic humor, although it was not intended to describe him, was an assertion by playwright George Axelrod: "Comedy's basic function is to criticize society, to hold it up to ridicule, and make people laugh at their enemies, their oppressors. . . . And we're not sure any more who our oppressors are. We don't know what side we're on any more. We're trying to find out. I think humorists can help people by just attacking *everything*—and seeing where the laughs seem most real."

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THEATER:

Sex and Sentimentality

GERALD WEALES

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY'S *The Country Wife* is back on Broadway for the first time since Ruth Gordon played Mrs. Pinchwife in 1936. This funniest of the Restoration comedies is bucking the fact that the elegant and lewd (foh, sir!) plays of that period have never been very successful in this country. Since the Second World War only two Restoration comedies have played on Broadway, both for short runs. John Gielgud offered William Congreve's *Love for Love* here in 1947, but although it was finely acted by Gielgud, Pamela Brown, and Cyril Ritchard it was seen dimly through the excitement over the even more stylish production of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest,* the troupe's chief import of that season. In 1950, Ritchard and the late Madge Elliot brought Sir John Vanbrugh's *The Relapse,* by way of London and Cambridge's Brattle Theatre, but it stayed for only thirty performances. Off-Broadway did see a successful revival of Congreve's *The Way of the World* at the Cherry Lane in 1954. There were certainly other, less-publicized off-Broadway productions, but for the most part the record of Restoration revivals over the last ten years is sparse indeed.

With what virtues does the new production of *The Country Wife* hope to make its way? It has four excellent performances, not counting Julie Harris's highly personal Mrs. Pinchwife. Pamela Brown, one of the best actresses on the English stage, makes Lady Fidget superbly elegant. In the famous china scene, an extended *double entendre* that runs through four pages of most printed editions, she gets every touch of meaning out of her lines without descending to the verbal nudge in the ribs that a less sure comedienne might use; in her drunk scenes she skirts obscenity without losing her regality. Ernest Thesiger's cuckold is pleasantly complacent; John Moffatt's fop is a fashionable fool, comfortably this side of effeminacy; Maureen Quinney's Alithea, the play's one virtuous lady, is witty and incredibly not a prig.

Excellent as they are, these four performances are in the tradition of English Restoration revivals, a tradition that has never really taken on this side of the Atlantic. The cast as a whole, the direction of George Devine, the handsome costumes and suggestions of scenery from Motley are all aimed at the short, sharp, stylistic movement and speech that have come to seem correct for the production of the work of any comic playwright from Dryden to Shaw, although in this case Devine's direction is perhaps a little too languid.

If there is an unusual element in the new Wycherley, it is Julie Harris. She is not really the Margery Pinchwife that I find when I read the play, but she is a bright and charming one. Though she has all the innocence and ungainliness of Margery, she lacks a little of the country wife's lustiness. Miss Harris's Margery has in her a little of Frankie Addams from *The Member of the Wedding* and a little of Sally Bowles from *I Am a Camera,* with an overlay of north country dialect; but Margery is, in her way, a distant cousin of Frankie and Sally, so the additions are not necessarily inappropriate. If the play goes this time on Broadway, I should like to think it is for the sake of Wycherley and Pamela Brown and the production's other excellences, but I suspect that it will be owing to Julie Harris.

The Edge of Laughter

Although a deliberately stylistic performance like that of *The Country Wife* can be great fun if everyone involved can be kept tightly under control, there is a danger inherent in the style. It gets so that the playwrights are no longer distinguishable: Wycherley is not Congreve, and one weakness of *The Country Wife,* for me, is that I kept missing the strength, the almost brutal qualities of Wycherley. The Restoration plays are considered, if they are considered at all, as a group. They are concerned, a thumbnail description would say, with a group of people preoccupied with manners, not morals, identified by the elegance of their speech and the splendor of their dress; the plots all have to do with seduction and trickery, the search for sex and money.

Such a description is accurate but incomplete. Each of the Restoration comic writers shuffled the material to suit his own taste. Where Congreve's plays are pre-eminently comedies of verbal wit, Wycherley's deal so forthrightly and brusquely with amoral sexuality that bitterness always lurks just under the edge of the laughter. Although Wycherley's own life was as lurid as some of the incidents in his plays, the comedies themselves imply a kind of judgment on the morality of his time (and ours as well, perhaps). Wycherley makes this clear enough in his tongue-in-cheek dedication of *The Plain-Dealer* to Mother Bennett, the procuress.

On the night that I saw *The Country Wife,* the audience sat silent when Horner answered Pinchwife's "There will be danger in making me a cuckold" with "Why, wert thou not well cured of thy last clap?" The line is as sharp as a slap in the face, as frank as Ben Jonson at his best, and as full of moral intention as Jonson's own plays. The silence that greeted it seemed to ask, "Are we to laugh at this?" Wycherley's answer would have to be, "Yes, and consider what you are laughing at."

This harsh side of Wycherley is not apparent in the new *Country Wife.* Laurence Harvey's Horner is just another Restoration rake, too elegant, too suave, too delicate really to be a complete monster. Some of the biting effect of Margery Pinchwife's innocent enthusiasm for his body is lost when he remains such a nice young man; Wycherley meant him to take her with the same discriminating indifference with which a full man picks at an offered dish. The Adelphi *Country Wife* is a polite lark; it should be a laughable horror, like *Volpone.*

Yet the weakening of Wycherley

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is perhaps indicative of the kind of comedy that goes well on Broadway today. Our own successful comedies and farces titillate a little, but they remain in tone as pure as the Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements plays that high schools used to put on every spring. Even the less downright of the Restoration plays deal with greed and lust, hypocrisy and pretension, with an openness that is unthinkable today. Perhaps this is why, even when the edges are rounded by exquisite performances, the Restoration plays do not ring up records at the box office.

We compromise. We support risqué comedies that are foolish in their purity. *The Moon Is Blue* is the extreme example, a fairy story about virginity in which the lecherous big bad wolf is defeated and the healthy American boy, the intention without the experience, gets the intact heroine. The comedies move so far away from reality that the audience can safely laugh at a near infidelity, a reference to childbirth, a suggestion of homosexuality, a mild oath. *Anniversary Waltz* stretched over three acts the fact that the husband and wife had slept together before marriage. It was rewarded with a run that lasted for years.

Even when a play reaches closer to home truths, they are masked in a softness that grows out of the playwright's carefulness or the actor's hedging. Darren McGavin played the lecherous neighbor in *The Tunnel of Love* like an Eagle Scout on the make. The central idea of that play, that a man should adopt his own illegitimate child, is as harshly solid as Horner's pretending to be a eunuch to get access to the ladies of quality in *The Country Wife,* but Tom Ewell's befuddled hero, like Laurence Harvey's nearly prissy Horner, reduced the bite in the idea to a mild gumming. The last time Broadway had a comedy heroine as healthily interested in sex as Margery Pinchwife was in *The Voice of the Turtle,* but Sally Middleton is not casually used as Margery is in *The Country Wife,* for the play suggests that she will get her sergeant-lover as a permanent reward.

Perhaps our comedians and farceurs should be forced to sit through the best of the Restoration canon. Then perhaps they would begin to approach our own sexual mores without the kind of dilution we get in current productions of Restoration plays and in our own slightly smutty comedies. But then, whom would they use for an audience? We are a prim and delicate people, at least in the theater.

Go see *The Country Wife* by all means. It is a good and funny play, well and happily done. That it is not as harsh, as brutal, as angrily funny as Wycherley ought to be is too bad, but in a decade of anniversary waltzes and tunnels of love we are lucky that the country wife gets to town at all.

The Prophetic Visions Of William Blake

MEG GREENFIELD

THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE; edited by Geoffrey Keynes. *Nonesuch Press.* Distributed by *Random House. $12.50.*

"I forget whether I ever mentioned to you this very interesting man with whom I am now become acquainted. . . . Blake is an engraver by trade, a painter and a poet also, whose works have been subject of derision to men in general; but he has a few admirers, and some of eminence have eulogised his designs. He has lived in obscurity and poverty, to which the constant hallucinations in which he lives have doomed him." This description by Crabb Robinson was written to Dorothy Wordsworth in February, 1826, a year and a half before William Blake died.

Today Blake's works are no longer a subject of derision; on the contrary, they are a subject of some awe. Blake is said to have anticipated modern insights into psychology, sociology, poetry, and painting. Brilliant critics have demonstrated that he was neither mystical, mad, nor incomprehensible. Last November, in celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, a complete edition of his works, with variant readings, was published by Nonesuch Press. The publication at last of this expertly edited volume is another reminder that though Blake's poetry is anthologized, quoted, and respected, it is not widely read.

WILLIAM BLAKE was born in 1757 and died in 1827. In a lifetime of seventy years he wrote a large body of work that can be more or less divided into lyric poetry, prophetic books, and prose, which includes letters, annotations, notebook entries, catalogues, and an unfinished satiric novel. Most of his poetry was illustrated by him and engraved on copper plates.

The major part of Blake's writing is found in his prophetic books. These include a series of shorter poems in which he develops his cosmogony and history, and the three chief works, *The Four Zoas, Milton,* and *Jerusalem.* It is primarily in these works that the reader must contend with Blake's mercilessly complex symbolism, which requires considerable reading in biography, history, and literature. The prophetic books are peopled with mythical figures whose meanings derive from human faculties and characteristics, from the Bible, from history, and from eighteenth-century politics. They are set in a psychic landscape where violent actions take place among clouds, rocks, water, wind, and fire. If they were read at all in Blake's time, they were conceived to be the rantings of a madman. Wordsworth, when he was shown some of Blake's verse, was pleased with the lyrics but thought Blake insane. Blake, characteristically, thought Wordsworth a good poet, but found his theology subject to the fairly grave error of atheism. He told Crabb Robinson (who told Wordsworth) that the preface to *The Excursion* had "caused him a bowel complaint which nearly killed him."

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It is clear that Blake took his reading seriously. He recast the Book of Job; he corrected Milton; he interpreted and elucidated much of what he read. He has left a body of annotations that form one of the most entertaining and revealing parts of his work. He argued or agreed or agreed partially with Bacon, Wordsworth, Lavater, Reynolds, Swedenborg, Berkeley. "False!" he would write in the margin; or beside a particularly moving description of villainy, "A dog! get a stick to him!" Reynolds wrote, "If you mean to preserve the most perfect beauty in its most perfect state, you cannot express the passions. . . ." Blake replied in the margin, "What Nonsense! Passion & Expression is Beauty Itself. The Face that is Incapable of Passion & Expression is deformity Itself. Let it be Painted & Patch'd & Praised & Advertised for Ever, it will only be admired by Fools."

At the end of his annotations to Lavater he added, "I hope no one will call what I have written cavilling. . . . For I write from the warmth of my heart, & cannot resist the impulse I feel to rectify what I think false in a book I love so much & approve so generally."

THE POINT is made by Blake himself that he could not resist comment and correction. His whole impulse was to communicate and instruct; such a man wished desperately to be understood, and Blake's conception of his function as a painter and a poet is crucial to an understanding of what he said.

When he claimed the powers of prophecy and vision, they had no occult or magical meanings for him. These meanings have been ascribed to him by some of his loonier well-wishers, of whom he has always had more than his share. Blake thought of himself as a prophet in the sense that Ezekiel, Isaiah, and St. John the Divine were prophets, who applied the standards of a vision of good to a society whose members, institutions, and very structure stood in endless contempt of that standard. He was, like the Biblical prophets, a critic of his society and its assumptions. Ezekiel, Blake tells us, spoke with the voice of God, which is "the voice of honest indignation."

The sources of Blake's indignation were much the same as those of his Biblical models: idolatry, or the creation of false gods and false values, depravity, tyranny, and cruelty. He believed his own age was one of consummate evil. "The Beast & the

Whore rule without control," he wrote of England in 1798. As evidence, which he offers in his poetry from the earliest lyrics on, he pointed to poverty, child labor, the slave trade, economic injustice, and the perversion of power, which grew worse in his time.

'The Fruit of that Forbidden Tree'

Behind Blake's attack on this disorder lay a fundamental belief in an order that was accessible to men and societies. It was what he called the "Divine Vision," and it was lost with the fall of man, which Blake viewed as the central and recurring human experience. The fall occurs in his cosmogony, his history, and his individuals. He believed it to be a shrinking of perception, of sense, and of imagination. It was for him the same event, historically, as the creation, and fixed the two limits within every man: Adam, who is the limit of his finiteness, and Satan, who is the limit of his "opakeness," or the error to which he is subject.

The fall, which recurs continually in each human life, is a dislocation of faculties in which the expansive energies of love, inspiration, and imagination fall prey to the negative, reasoning, moralizing power. In society this power takes form in priest and king; in the individual it appears as what Blake called the Spectre, ". . . insane, brutish, Deform'd . . . a ravening devouring lust."

The result of the fall, as Blake sees it, then, is that what goes under the name of good (priest, king, moral virtue) is in fact evil, and what is called evil (energy, love, imagination) is good. Society has been acting out a devilish parody that reached its height in his time. King and priest, government and religion, representing themselves as the source of order and virtue, are all guilty:

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

Blake's poems are built upon the imagery of the freeing of slaves, the bursting open of prisons, the release of mill workers—always movement toward the freedom of sunlight and air. "Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion," and vice so created could be dispelled. Virtue in Blake's early work appears in a strong social context with an attainable goal.

BLAKE BELIEVED the evil of his time to be consummate; he also believed that its overthrow was imminent. He was a radical and an articulate partisan of the American and French Revolutions: indeed, he hoped and expected for a time that a revolution would catch fire in England. He wrote elaborate poems about both revolutions, glorifying the rebellion of the oppressed. Europe was shuddering and sick, and Blake, the friend of Paine, Godwin, Priestley, and Price, would sing its last judgment. In his poem on the French Revolution, Orleans cries out the doom of the king:

Have you never seen Fayette's fore-
head, or Mirabeau's eyes,
or the shoulders of Target,
Or Bailly the strong foot of France,
or Clermont the terrible voice?

The force of revolt was embodied in the hero who becomes the central figure of these poems, a rebellious howling child-into-man who bursts free from his chains and who represents the sexual awakening in life and the awakening to energy and freedom in society. But Blake's hero, in this parody of things as they are, is judged as an evil force; King George, "Albion's Angel" sees and defines the rebel-hero in *America:*

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Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist,
hater of Dignities,
Lover of wild rebellion, and trans-
gressor of God's Law.

Blake believed for a time that he would see the day when the spirit of Christ was not defined as the Antichrist, when revolution would succeed abroad and in England. He fancied most unprophetically that his writing and painting would be an agent of that revolt.

'What Is the Joy of Heaven?'

It is often said that sometime around the end of the eighteenth century Blake turned from a criticism of society to a criticism of the universe. This claim is based on the premise that Blake, despairing of reform in England, disillusioned by the blow to liberalism in the Reign of Terror, and disappointed by his own lack of success as a poet and artist, turned to what are called "the higher things."

It is true that Blake's rebel ardor dimmed as the issues became less clear and that the rebel-hero of his poetry grows into the aged represser-tyrant, who will himself be overthrown in an endless cycle. "I am really sorry," wrote the man who had glorified Lafayette's forehead, "to see my Countrymen trouble themselves about Politics. If Men were Wise, the Most arbitrary Princes could not hurt them. If they are not wise, the Freest Government is compell'd to be a Tyranny. Princes appear to me to be Fools. Houses of Commons & Houses of Lords appear to me to be fools; they seem to me to be something Else besides Human Life." The change in Blake's thinking is evident, but it involved no diminution of the poet's outrage at injustice or his absorption in its causes and cures.

It is a measure of the depth and authenticity of Blake's humanitarian impulse that he avoided the two traps that beset good causes which fail. He neither blinded himself to the failure of the revolt nor changed allegiance from the side of the youthful rebel to that of the aged king. Rebel and king in reality were the same.

"Many are deists," he once wrote, "who would in certain Circumstances have been Christians in outward appearance. Voltaire was one of this number; he was as intolerant as an Inquisitor." Blake's experience had revealed to him corruption and injustice in human society that were not eradicable by reform law or revolution. There were not two clear-cut sides of good and evil contending in the wars of his time. The battles were elsewhere.

The struggle that preoccupied Blake as he grew older was the basic human predicament created by the discrepancy between man's own mental limitations (Adam and Satan) and the capacity of his consciousness to know good. The human being chasing false gods and false values refuses his own salvation. Jesus's plea to Paul on the road to Damascus,

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?," is quoted over a chapter in *Jerusalem,* and it lies at the heart of all Blake's later work. The fundamental problem to be solved is man's refusal to accept what is accessible to him through his imagination: ". . . the Eternal Vision, the Divine Similitude/ . . . Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist."

From this refusal proceed the manifestations of war, cruelty, and poverty. "Mental War" thus becomes the war to be fought. "The Increase of a State as of a Man is from Internal Improvement or Intellectual Acquirement. Man is not Improved by the hurt of another. States are not Improved at the Expense of Foreigners." Vice is an outgrowth of the failure of mind and imagination in men ruled by their Spectres. The analogue in society is the establishment and institutionalizing of false values: "When Imagination, Art & Science, & all Intellectual Gifts, all the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, are look'd upon as of no use & only Contention remains to Man, then the Last Judgment begins. . . ." England might or might not be saved by a knowledge of Jesus, but it would never be saved by the armies of George III.

THE SUBJECTS on which Blake's imagination fixed in his later work indicate the nature of the struggle he wished to illumine. In *The Four Zoas,* the *Milton,* and the *Job* illustrations, he deals with the distortion of the vision of God within the individual man, and in *Jerusalem* within a whole civilization. The *Job* illustrations themselves and the sections of the text he chose to illustrate depict a complacent and pious man who strives as Blake had striven to find solutions. "Did I not weep for him who was in trouble? Was not my soul afflicted for the poor?" But Job's virtues and all that he valued as well as his vices were of the fallen world. "And the Lord said unto Satan, 'Behold all that he hath is in thy power.' " When Job calls to God in his trouble, it is Satan who appears to him. Job must cast out his selfhood, his piety by rote, and recover his real and absolute allegiance to God and the spirit of God in man. Blake reads essentially the same lesson "To the Christians" in *Jerusalem:* "I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination. . . . What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit which Lives Eternally? What is the Joy of Heaven but Improvement of the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit?"

For Blake the agent of salvation in man and his society was the imagination, and through it alone was the escape from the human predicament into spiritual freedom possible. But he never defined such salvation as an other-worldly discipline. His definition of the worship of God was "honouring his gifts/In other men/ . . . there is no other/God than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity." And to find God one did not traffic with abstractions. "He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children,/One first, in friendship & love, then a Divine Family, & in the midst/Jesus will appear. . . ." The obligation of men who would be saved was not a passive Joblike trust. "Establishment of

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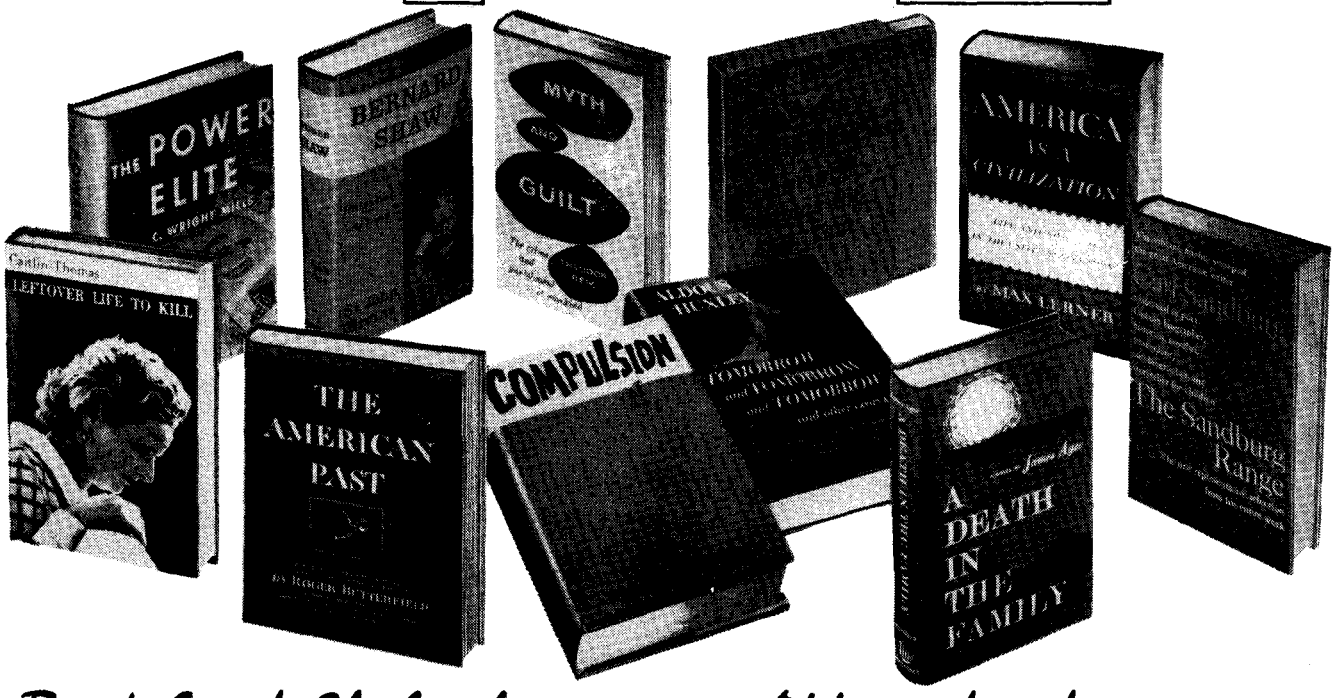

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Truth depends on destruction of Falsehood continually." A man must hold to his vision and dissent as Blake tried to throughout his life.

Hayley's Dog

Probably the single strongest challenge to Blake's own independence came during the years 1800-1803 in his association with the poet William Hayley. Blake and his wife moved to Felpham in Sussex under the patronage of Hayley in September of 1800. Blake was forty-two years old; he had written the shorter prophecies and one of his three major books, *The Four Zoas,* in its first form. The reasons for the move to Felpham have been given as a step toward financial security and as a step away from Blake's political insecurity in London. But whatever the original reason may have been, the Felpham sojourn and Blake's involvement with Hayley and his friends represent Blake's one brief flirtation with the taste of his age.

William Hayley was a bad but successful poet, a sentimental and pompous man whose chief distinction was his friendship with important people. His commissions largely supported Blake. Anyone who is familiar with Hayley's own *Ballads founded on Anecdotes relating to Animals,* a book written for "young readers," will recognize their curious relationship to Blake's own lyrics. The animals, which include "The Grateful Snake," are virtuous, tame, and sensible; the quality of Hayley's inspiration can be seen in the first stanza of "The Dog," which Blake illustrated:

I sing, of all e'er known to live
The truest friend canine;
And glory if my verse may give
Brave Fido! it is thine.

With the encouragement of Hayley, who called himself "The Red-breast of Eartham," Blake believed for a time that a measure of popular success was possible for him. Hayley attempted to direct Blake's poetry and designs to an area of taste where they might succeed. The man who believed in the messianic mission of his own "historical painting" was commissioned to do portraits and miniatures, and with such success that he was able to write to his friend Thomas Butts in London that "my present engagements are in Miniature Painting. Miniature is become a Goddess in my Eyes, & my Friends in Sussex say that I Excel in the pursuit."

Through the three-year stay at Felpham, Blake's letters and poetry provide a commentary on the growing conflicts between himself and Hayley, between what he was commissioned to do and what he felt obligated to do, and between his Imagination and his Spectre. The falling out with Hayley was prolonged but inevitable. In July, 1803, in a letter to Butts, Blake speaks of Hayley's "imbecile attempts to depress Me." He notes that "Mr. H. approves of My Designs as little as he does of my Poems, and I have been forced to insist on his leaving me in both to my own Self Will; for I am determin'd to be no longer Pester'd with his Genteel Ignorance & Polite Disapprobation." In that summer of 1803 he made the final decision to reject Hayley's world and to accept the obligation to communicate his own unprofitable truth. The reason is stated in a letter he had written to Butts more than a year before: "for that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is Certain & Determined, & to this I have long made up my mind." Blake intended to return to London, but before he did the incident occurred that led to his sedition trial.

On August 12, 1803, Blake threw a soldier out of his cottage garden. An argument and scuffle followed in which Blake pushed the soldier, John Schofield, "about fifty yards" down the road. Schofield retaliated by charging that Blake had uttered seditious words, a charge not likely to be ignored during the serious invasion scare that summer in England.

Schofield deposed that "one —— Blake, a Miniature Painter . . . did utter the following seditious expressions, viz. that we (meaning the People of England) were like a Parcel of Children, and that they would play with themselves till they got scalded and burnt . . . and if Bonaparte should come he would be master of Europe in an Hour's Time . . . that he damned the King of England —his Country, & his Subjects, that his Soldiers were all bound for Slaves, and all the Poor People in general . . ." Anyone who is familiar with Blake's writing will know that although he may not have said all of this, the part about the king's soldiers, the poor people, and the slaves is surely his.

Blake went on trial at Chichester Quarter Sessions in January, 1804, but was acquitted in one of the most ironic defenses imaginable. "I am instructed to say," pled his lawyer, Samuel Rose, "that Mr. Blake is as loyal a subject as any man in this court." It was unthinkable that Blake or any other Englishman, for that matter, could harbor ill-feeling toward King George: "Do you not hear every day from the mouths of thousands in the streets the exclamation of God save the King:—it is the language of every Englishman's lip—it is the effusion of every Englishman's heart." Blake was an artist, and artists, as the jury knew, were benevolent men. "If any men are likely to be exempt from angry passions," Rose observed, "it is such an one as Mr. Blake." Hayley was a character witness. The Duke of Richmond, who presided, and the jury were satisfied that Blake was not seditious.

The symbolism of the stay in Felpham did not escape Blake. And the mockery of the trial was the final humiliation. If Blake had been tried for his real views, which were ultimately far more subversive of established order than a mere damnation of the king, and if he had been heard and hanged for what he said, his biography might have been more of a success story. But except in bad fiction, holding an unpopular view does not carry a guarantee that you will even be understood, much less vindicated and elected mayor in your lifetime. Blake was not a particularly lovable rebel, and unlike the more fortunate among the angry, he wrote books that did not titillate the people he professed to despise.

The Tempter and the Tempted

I have dwelt at length on the stay in Felpham and the sedition trial because the experience of these years in the middle of Blake's life served both to clarify his thinking and to redefine his own idea of his function. The case of *Rex* v. *Blake* confirmed

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for Blake the view that legal justice was founded on a principle of vengeance, and the parody trial became for him a symbol of his society's myopic judgment on the man of imagination.

Both Hayley and Schofield turn up in Blake's later work, not so much as personalities as forces of destruction within the individual man and within the evolution of civilizations. Schofield is associated with basic bestial cruelty, and as such he is an enemy at the lowest level. The form that Hayley takes is at once more complicated and more important.

The imaginatively re-created Hayley in *Milton* and *Jerusalem* approximates an idea Blake had much earlier expressed in his annotations to Lavater. Beside Lavater's statement that "He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and bites," Blake had written, "There is no other devil; he who bites without praying is only a beast." The Tempter must be, in fact, tempting, and Hayley, as a symbol of Blake's devil, embodied the qualities of hypocrisy, mediocrity, taste, compromise, and dissembling that constituted the real seduction by the fallen world. This devil in *Milton* contends with the inspired imagination for control of the individual man, Blake. In *Jerusalem* he appears again and again to struggle against the redemption of civilizations.

BLAKE recognized the devil within himself that was demanding vengeance for Blake's own grievances and frustration. Still, Blake had learned that involvement in fighting that devil on its own terms was as pernicious as joining it. The answer to the destructive principle was not further destruction; its real enemy was creation, and the hero of the later works is no longer the rebel of action but the artist-prophet, who has "innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct."

Blake's chosen independence and the isolation and neglect it engendered did not, remarkably enough, affect his confidence in the validity of his insights or his duty to communicate them. He was certain that posterity's judgment would be far different from that of his contemporaries. And he was right.

Sir Winston's Not for Hanging

AL NEWMAN

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND THE SECOND FRONT, by **Trumbull Higgins.** *Oxford University Press. $6.*

"In Acton's phrase," Mr. Higgins remarks in his preface, "the historian must not only be a judge, but a 'hanging judge' as well." He then attempts to hang Sir Winston gently, almost affectionately, on a gallows of ten tightly written chapters with a rope of no fewer than 805 documentary strands.

What are the principal charges? Of conducting a peripheral strategy with a view to minimizing Empire casualties; of opposing a trans-Channel thrust in 1943; and above all of bamboozling the United States into the North African landings (of November 1942) that eliminated from consideration a 1943 Channel attempt.

Mr. Higgins, a history professor at Hofstra College, also notes prefatorially, "The tendency to accept as correct whatever was done in a victorious war must be particularly resisted in military history." This reviewer has observed no such dangerous trend; indeed, reading Mr. Higgins against such works as the late Chester Wilmot's *The Struggle for Europe* (Harper, 1952) produces dizziness. What one critic says we should have done more decisively others declare we should not have done at all, and vice, vociferously, versa. It almost seems as though nothing that anyone did or advocated anywhere at any time in the Second World War was right.

A curious trait of such authors is their failure to take into account what would have happened if the courses of action they condemn had *not* been taken. The instance of Mr. Higgins and the North African landings that he dismisses as a waste of time and manpower is particularly revealing.

ON MUSSOLINI'S declaration of war, which coincided with the fall of France in 1940, the choice of North Africa as a fighting ground was forced on the British by the necessity to protect Egypt and the Suez Canal from an Italian army that struck eastward across the border of Libya, an Italian colony.

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The British inflicted a resounding defeat on Mussolini's forces. Alarmed, Hitler sent Rommel and the Afrika Korps to retrieve the situation. The seesaw campaign that resulted need not be detailed here.

The point is that at no time could the British have simply pulled out. This having been noted, the supreme effort at El Alamein in October, 1942, was certainly necessary. But what would have resulted from this famous victory without the subsequent landings far in the rear of the defeated Rommel? Probably he could have made a successful stand at the Mareth Line on the Libya-Tunisia border, and without doubt he could have held the naturally strong perimeter around Tunis-Bizerte. Montgomery's supply line would then have stretched almost the length of the Mediterranean to Suez, and thence around the Cape of Good Hope to Britain and North America. Malta, unrelieved, would have posed little threat to Rommel's relatively short Germany-to-Tunis logistic route. If a fraction of the forces and supplies actually rushed by the Axis to Tunis had then been accorded him, Rommel would necessarily have been able to inflict a resounding defeat on any British force so rash as to besiege him there, and the attritional game of cops and robbers across North Africa might well have gone on to the end of the war. Meanwhile, Mussolini's Italy would have stayed in the fight, most of the Mediterranean would have remained an Axis lake, and there would have been no Allied threat to south Europe.

The Training Ground

Any assumption that Allied landings in France in the spring of 1943 were bound to succeed and bring about the early defeat of Germany is also open to very serious question. Again, the author himself has brought up a self-defeating argument: "Eisenhower has not stressed what some observers have considered a primary benefit of [the North African operation] . . . This was the invaluable and essential opportunity it gave the untried American Army in the European theater to practice realistic and large-scale maneuvers at no great cost in English and American lives,

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New Statesman

BRITAIN'S WORLD FAMOUS LEADING *VIEW*SPAPER

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at least. The U.S. Army badly needed large-unit training and Africa was a relatively safe place in which to prolong this preparation . . ."

The conversion to fighting infantry of a crowd of armed uniformed civilians who have learned various skills and practiced certain maneuvers is the most important, most delicate problem in land warfare. With some units it happens quickly, with others never. Most observers in North Africa believe that the American forces did not really find themselves until, under Bradley, they fought through the djebels to Bizerte in April and May of 1943. In any case, it is sure that if the Kasserine disaster of earlier that year had been staged on a shallow beachhead in France, it would have produced the direst consequences—not only on the local operation but on the subsequent prosecution of the war on all fronts and on any peace that might have resulted.

But could such a beachhead have been established in the first place? It is most unlikely, when one considers the inexperience of the amphibious planners of 1943. Behind them in 1944 they had the operations of North Africa, Sicily, Salerno, and Anzio; in 1943, they hardly knew enough to realize what the problems of a trans-Channel assault were, let alone cope with them.

This is not even to take into account the problem of ground support from the air, which played such an important part in the actual operation of 1944. Two of the U.S. fighter planes that, in the event, bore the main burden—Thunderbolts and Mustangs—were not operational in the European Theater as of April, 1943. Moreover, the U.S. bombers that did so much to paralyze the German communications before the Normandy landings in 1944 were little more than a paper force a year earlier.

WITH GREEN TROOPS, ignorant planners, and lack of air support, a landing in France in 1943 would surely have turned out to be the horror that the British prime minister envisioned and rightly resisted.

Mr. Higgins may drag his noose away. The right honorable gentleman is not for hanging—on Mr. Higgins's charges, at any rate.

The Historical Novel And the Anachronism of Pity

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

MICHELANGELO THE FLORENTINE, by Sidney Alexander. *Random House. $4.95.*

The leading, the understandable, the human character in this novel is not the great artist whose youth and early achievements it records, but a personage invented by the author, a young Jew named Andrea del Medigo. It is through Andrea, that is to say through Sidney Alexander's contemporary sensitivity projected into the past, that we move about in the tumultuous life of Renaissance Florence and Rome. It is Andrea who compares, weighs, analyzes, and endures what he witnesses, reporting to us in terms we can comprehend. Andrea alone—not Pico, or the Medici, or cardinals or Popes, or Leonardo or Michelangelo—provides the anachronism of our pity for Savonarola at the stake, of our pity for the naked Jews driven at Carnival time along the Roman Corso, of our fury as young Bartolomeo is stoned to death by the Florentine mob: outrages that would in time cease and in time, in our own time, recur.

The historical past is not a shard one can dig up, measure, and piece together. History is not an objective science; historical truth is not mathematical truth. The past has no existence other than that which our minds can give it. That is why the historian, whether he intends to or not, molds the past in the image of his own personality—Gibbon, Michelet, Churchill—and that is why the historian differs only in degree, only in the openness of his intervention, from the historical novelist.

Even without the evidence Sidney Alexander produces in an author's note, there can be no question of his erudition. As he points out, the men of the Italian Renaissance were nothing if not articulate; everyone wrote letters, almost everyone poetry, Michelangelo included, and the great theological, political, and artistic quarrels, achievements, and debates were thoroughly reported. Many of these documents, being written for a purpose, are evasive or plain lies, but the evasion and the lies are precisely what indicate that purpose to the historian, who reads them as a child holds up to the mirror a word written backward. Mr. Alexander has such texts, clear or coded, to justify his narrative, his descriptions, and even the thoughts of many of his historical characters. He is admirably conscientious and is careful to point out the few liberties he has taken with known facts.

YET BECAUSE historical characters are but dimly aware that some day they will be considered such by generations whose emotions and standards they cannot possibly foresee, the mere record of what they said—speaking to themselves or to each other—cannot be safely counted on to make living talk. A few clear voices sound through the centuries and will move men always, but even those voices were necessarily reported by some evangelist or other, by some Homer or other. That is why the historian, the novelist, or the poet must intervene.

There are three ways for him to do so. He can attempt, using the record as prompter, to speak through the historical character he attempts to bring to life. That path, meandering only too often through the secrets of the alcove, is perilous. Occasionally, since no rule holds against talent, it leads to outstanding success, as in Marguerite Yourcenar's *Hadrian's Memoirs*. A second method is simply to transpose science fiction of the future into historical fiction of the past: Roman galleys replace space gadgets. That method leads nowhere. A third device leads to the masterpiece: credible, invented characters confront the personages and events of history.

The difficulty of inserting credible

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invented characters into a historical period increases with the remoteness of the period and the degree to which it is foreign to the writer. Tolstoy could use his family memories for the Napoleonic period; Flaubert could use his own recollections for *Sentimental Education*—largely a historical novel—but could not use any memories at all, or any sympathies other than humanitarian, or any knowledge except bookish, in writing *Salammbô*. Consequently *Salammbô* is lifeless. Flaubert could persuade no credible witness to dress up as a Carthaginian.

SIDNEY ALEXANDER's sympathies for the Italian Renaissance and its characters are vivid and natural to him; they can be shared by the reader, by a very great number of readers, for Michelangelo's creations are present in the mind of our civilization, while his name in itself evokes the grandeur of torment and mastery. Mr. Alexander's achievement consists in his very original solution to the problem of selecting a credible witness to represent his own thinking. A contemporary American would not feel at home posing as a Medici, even as a Medici younger son, even as a distant Medici cousin. A contemporary American, even one who like Mr. Alexander knows a great deal about painting, would be embarrassed were he called upon to pose as Botticelli. But any contemporary American can feel the limitless suffering of the Jewish people and hear the Jewish voice and testimony anywhere at any time. When the Andrea del Medigo of this novel, Michelangelo's friend, walks the streets of Rome and Florence, he can convey to us what he sees. We understand and share what he feels. He carries us into that past where Mr. Alexander has placed him. Andrea lifts this novel to a level of seriousness and humanity which no erudition or literary workmanship could otherwise give it.

One thing more about Andrea the witness: he stands close to Michelangelo, noting, observing the man; but he remains unable to explain anything about the artist, for, unavoidably, Andrea bears within him our own incapacity to do more than marvel at genius.

"I HAVE A SON I'VE NEVER SEEN"*

"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.

Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands throng the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.

In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the makeshift stove. I count the ornaments of the place—a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifty of this she pays for rent.

There was a war. Remember? War took this child's father and made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.

In our world today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.

There is in our country an organization known as the Foster Parents' Plan. Through this Plan you may adopt one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."

**Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.*

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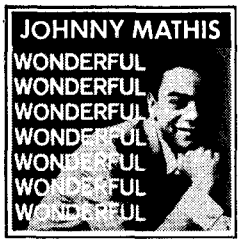

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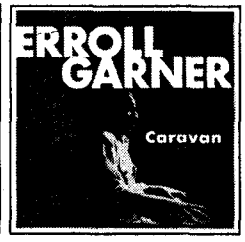

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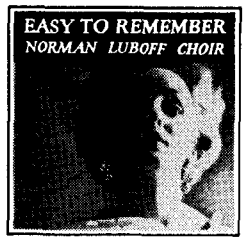

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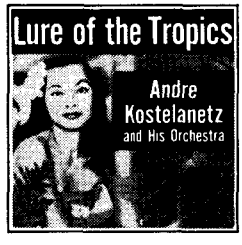

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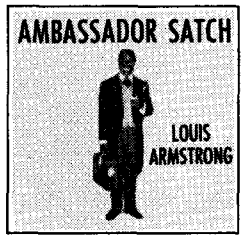

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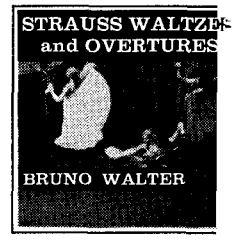

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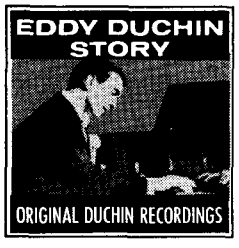

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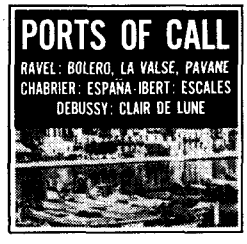

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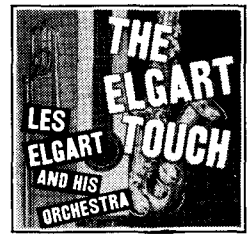

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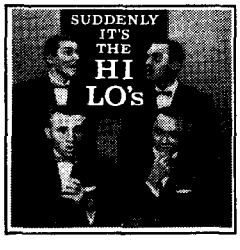

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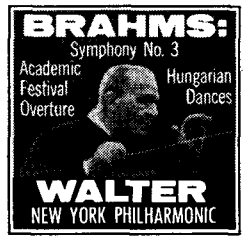

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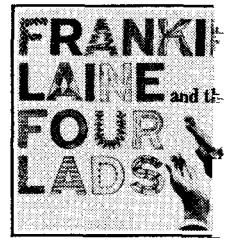

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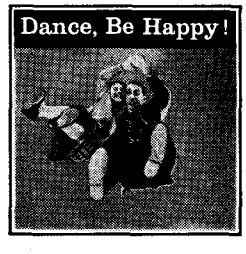

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CIRCLE 3 NUMBERS BELOW:

1. Eddy Duchin Story
2. Beethoven: 3 piano sonatas
3. Erroll Garner ("Caravan")
4. Gaité Parisienne; Les Sylphides
5. Easy To Remember—Luboff Choir
6. My Fair Lady—Orig. Broadway Cast
7. Brubeck and Jay & Kai
8. Gershwin Hits—Percy Faith
9. Sinatra—Adventures of the Heart
10. Ambassador Satch
11. Firebird; Romeo and Juliet
12. Day By Day—Doris Day
13. Johann Strauss—Waltzes
14. Lure of the Tropics—Kostelanetz
15. Ports Of Call
16. Oklahoma!
17. Levant Plays Gershwin
18. The Elgart Touch
19. The Great Melodies of Tchaikovsky
20. Suddenly It's the Hi-Lo's
21. King of Swing—Benny Goodman
22. Brahms: Symphony No. 3
23. The Merry Widow
24. Wonderful, Wonderful—Mathis
25. Frankie Laine and the Four Lads
26. $64,000 Jazz
27. Jo Stafford Sings Broadway's Best
28. Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky Violin Concertos
29. Dance, Be Happy!
30. M M M Mitch!
31. Sound Stage—Paul Weston
32. Saturday Night Mood

PG-1

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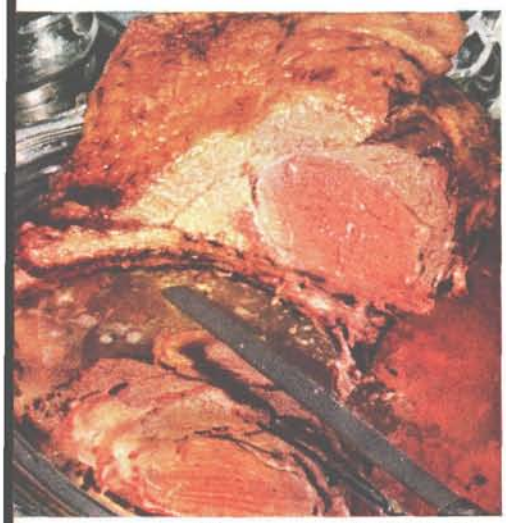
Traveler's Guide to good food in Britain

THE BRITISH BREAKFAST. Gargantuan is the word. Where else can you order mixed grill, smoked kipper and finnan haddie? Tea is the national eye-opener. But most hotels offer coffee as a choice.

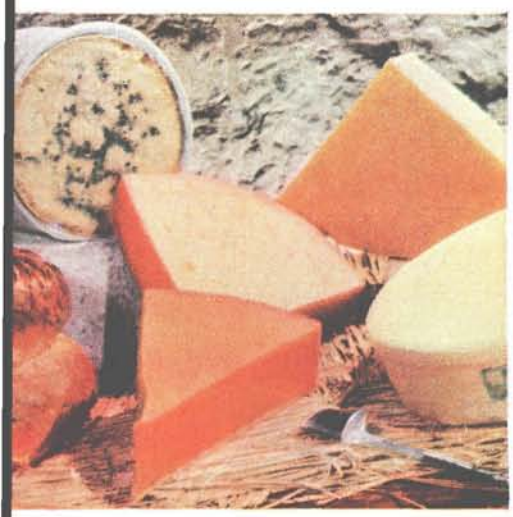
THE BRITISH TEA CEREMONY. Victorian wits called it a "bun-worry." Tea includes buns, cakes, tarts, crumpets, muffins, and exquisite little sandwiches. Go North for scones. Go West for Devonshire Cream.



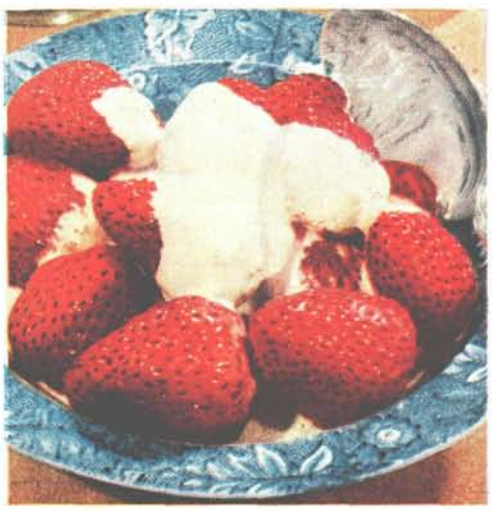
ROAST BEEF. The roast beef of Old England is here in all its glory. The British do not smother meat with rich sauces. Steaks come thick and rare. Southdown lamb gets a touch of red currant jelly.

HEAVENLY FISH. No place in Britain is more than 75 miles from the sea. The fish almost jump into the pot. Above is a Scotch salmon. Gourmets leave home for it. Likewise, for English oysters.

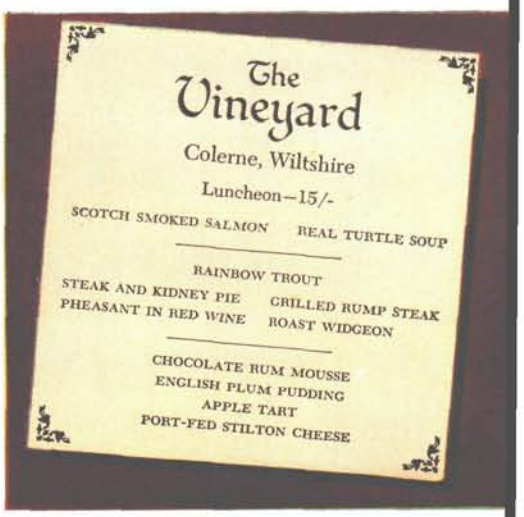
UNBEATABLE GAME. British cooks really *understand* game. Grouse from Scotland. Partridge and pheasant from the great estates. Order a bottle of claret. British cellars are the envy of the world.



POETIC CHEESES. Is there a finer cheese than Stilton? It takes six months to reach perfection. Honest British bread and beer go down well with all the local cheeses. Try the supreme *Wensleydale*.



FABULOUS FRUIT. Britain's fruit ripens *slowly*. Taste *Royal Sovereign* strawberries. They have more flavor than the American strawberry. Same is true of English peaches, apples—and *jams*.



REGIONAL DISHES. Feeling adventurous? Try Cumberland rum butter and the mysterious Scotch haggis. Taste the pies—Melton Mowbray, Kentish Chicken. Lunch in most places costs under $1.50!

FREE! Gourmet Magazine's 72-page Guide to Britain, listing over 250 famous restaurants. Write Box 312, British Travel Association.

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